

SPRING ISSUE
No. 7

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP

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★
S

PLASTIC MAN

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS
MODERN
COMICS

**THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!**



**LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY**



**PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF**

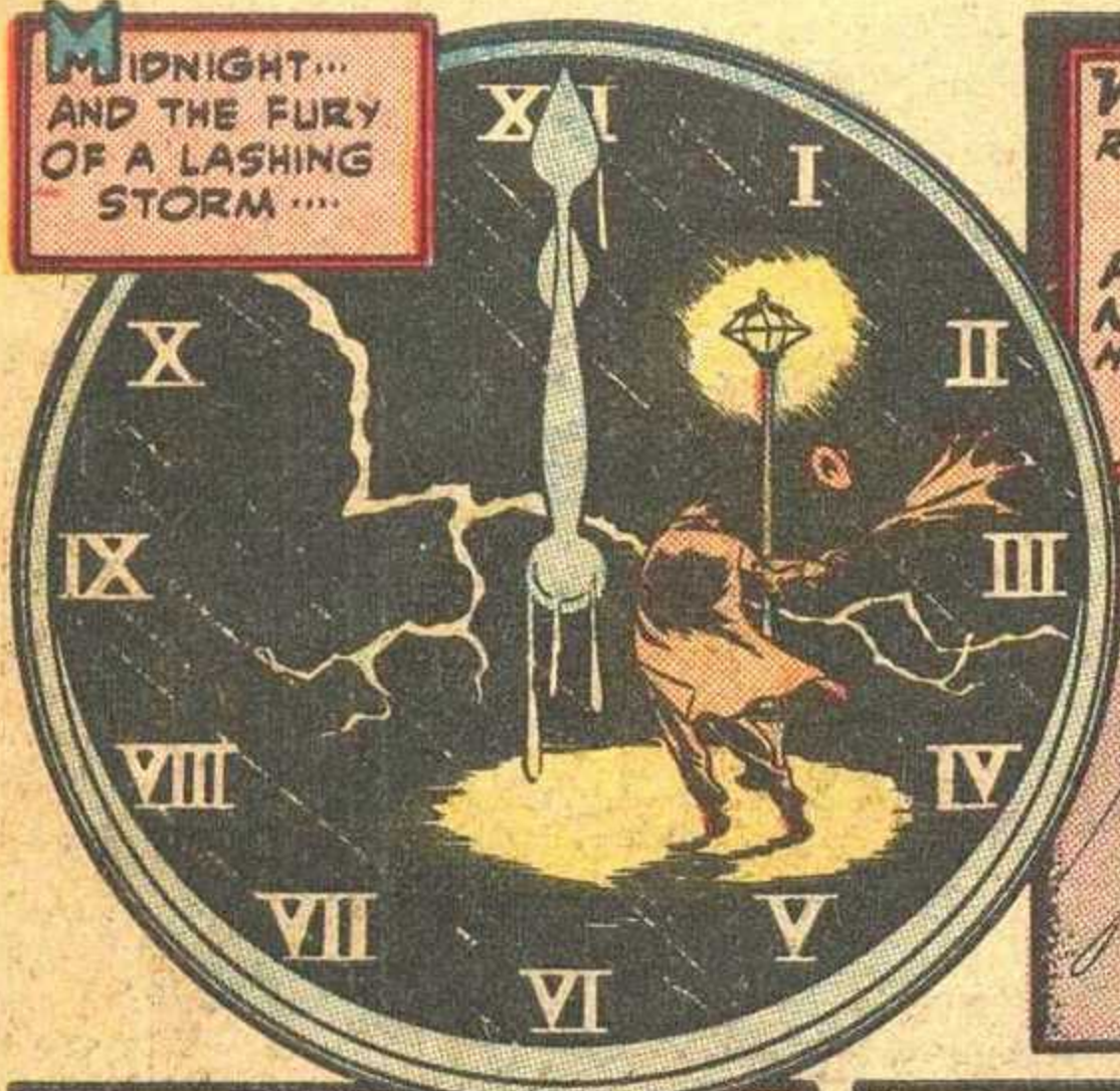
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

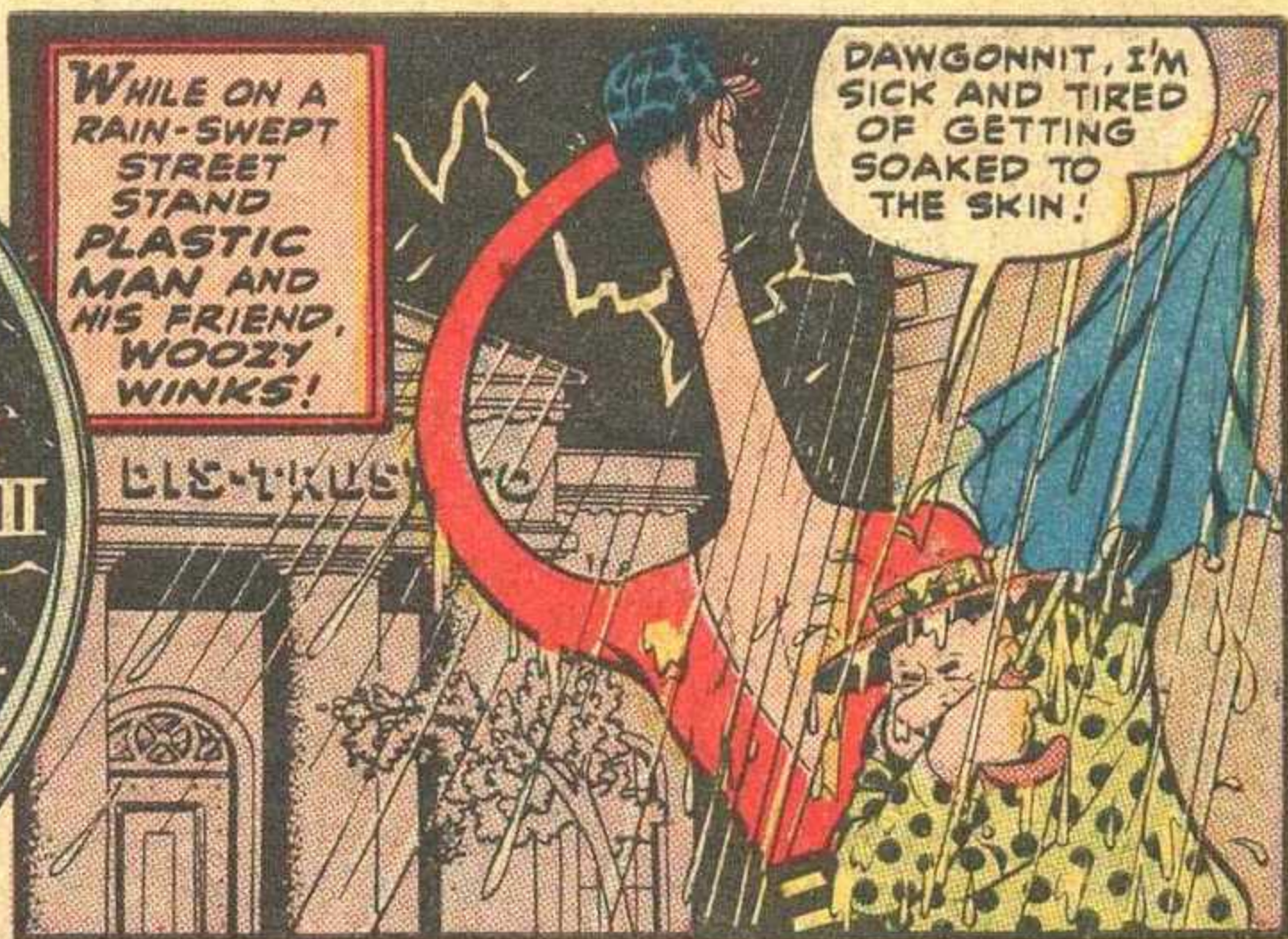


PLASTIC MAN

MIDNIGHT...
AND THE FURY
OF A LASHING
STORM



WHILE ON A
RAIN-SWEPT
STREET
STAND
PLASTIC MAN
AND
HIS FRIEND,
WOODY WINKS!



**DAWGONNIT, I'M
SICK AND TIRED
OF GETTING
SOAKED TO
THE SKIN!**

**WOODY, HOW
MANY TIMES
MUST I TELL
YOU NOT TO
PUT UP THAT
UMBRELLA?
IT DRAWS
LIGHTNING!**

**AW, PLAS,
YOU WANT
ME TO CATCH
MY DEATH OF
COLD, HAH?**



**THERE! NOW WILL
YOU KEEP STILL?
I EXPECT THE
LITTLE MORON
MOB ANY MINUTE!
MY TIP SAYS
THEY'LL ROB THE
BANK AT
MIDNIGHT!**

**SILLY
GANG-
STERS!
GOING
OUT ON
A NIGHT
LIKE
THIS!**



**SHHH!
HERE THEY
COME NOW!**



**LOOK, PLAS! THE
LITTLE MORON'S
GOT HIS
UMBRELLA UP!**

**IF YOU'RE
MATCHING
BRAINS
WITH HIM
I'D SAY IT'S
A DRAW!**

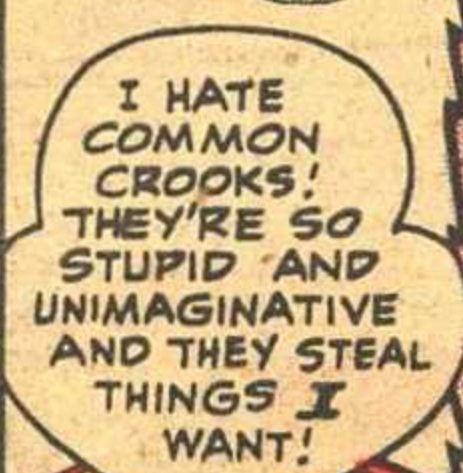


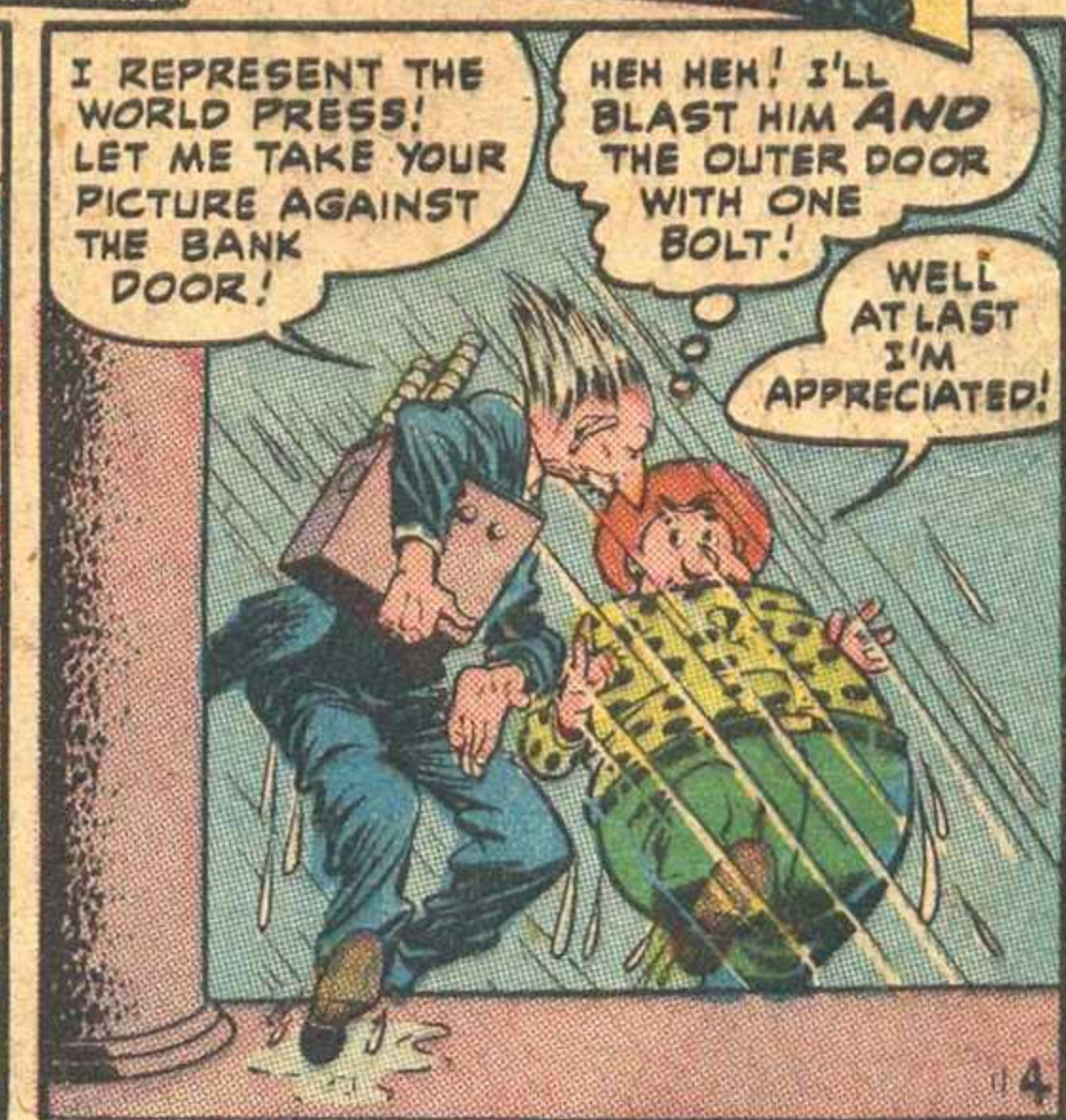
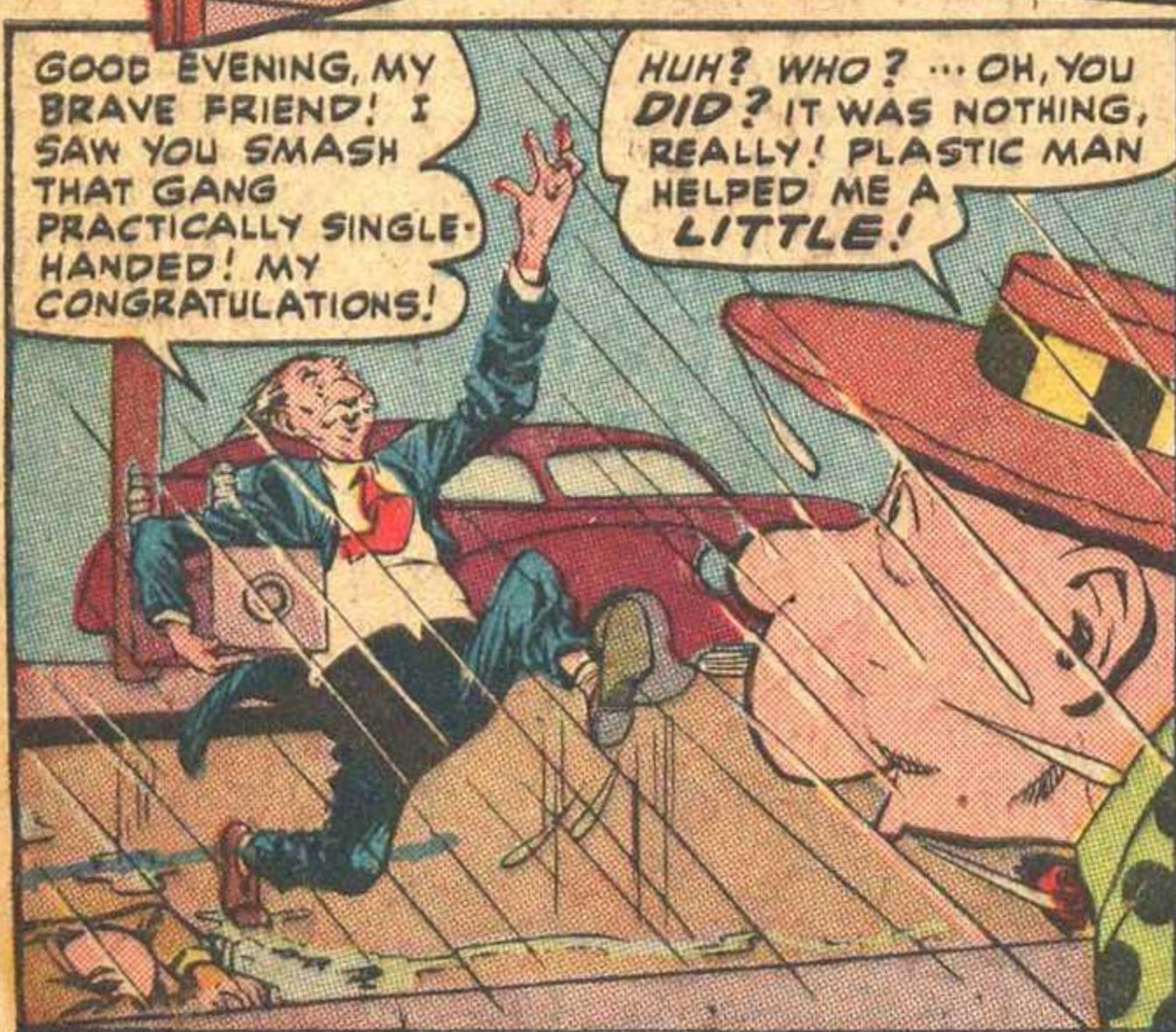
**HURRY IT UP,
YOU DOPES!**

**NEED ANY
HELP, BOYS?**



WHEE! PLASTIC MAN AND HIS STOOGES!







LIKE THIS?

THAT'S PERFECT! NOW HOLD IT! ONE... TWO... THR...

KATE'S U.S. TRUST CO.



SPLAT!

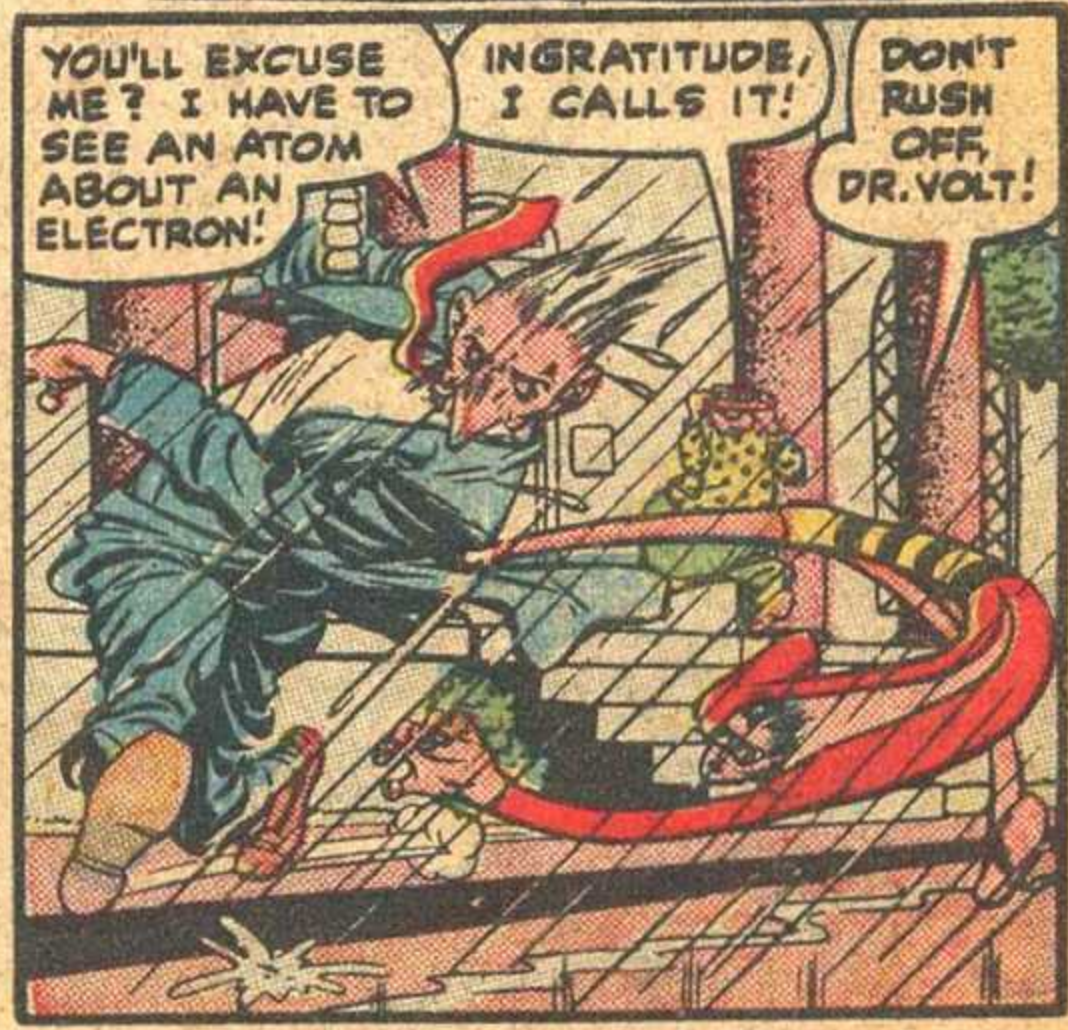
???



PLASTIC MAN!

TRICKY LITTLE GADGET YOU HAVE THERE, DR. VOLT! LUCKY THAT ODD LIGHTNING BOLT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS!

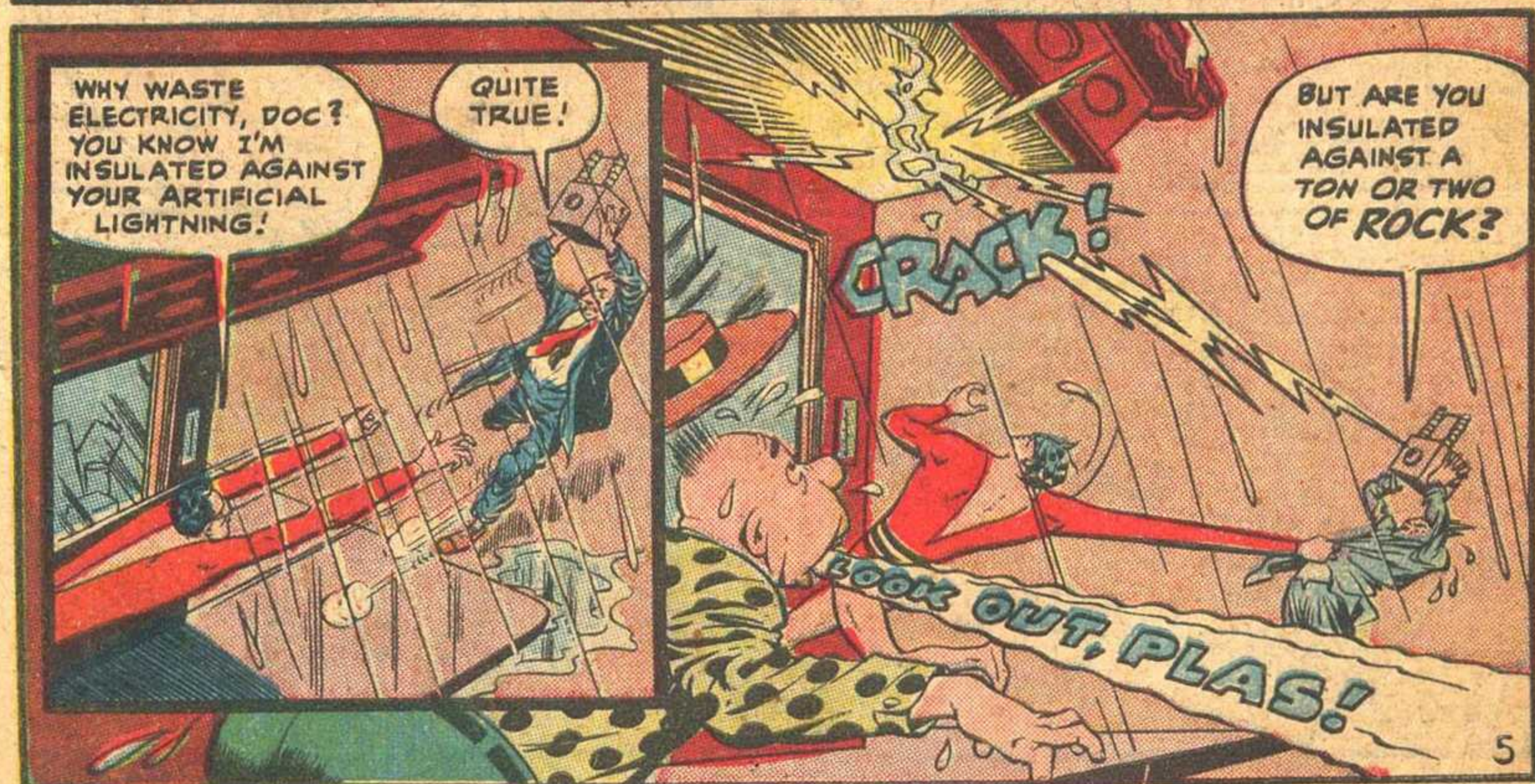
YOU SPOILED MY PICTURE JUMPING IN FRONT OF ME LIKE THAT!



YOU'LL EXCUSE ME? I HAVE TO SEE AN ATOM ABOUT AN ELECTRON!

INGRATITUDE, I CALLS IT!

DON'T RUSH OFF, DR. VOLT!



WHY WASTE ELECTRICITY, DOC? YOU KNOW I'M INSULATED AGAINST YOUR ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING!

QUITE TRUE!

CRACK!

BUT ARE YOU INSULATED AGAINST A TON OR TWO OF ROCK?

LOOK OUT, PLAS!



OOOH!
I CAN'T
BEAR
TO LOOK!



GONE! NOTHING
BUT A GREASE
SPOT LEFT OF
MY BELOVED
PLAS!

WOOZY, I'M
REALLY
TOUCHED!



I BELIEVE THERE'S
GENUINE
SENTIMENT
BEHIND THOSE
TEARS!

YIPE!
DON'T DO THAT,
PLAS! YOU
TICKLE!



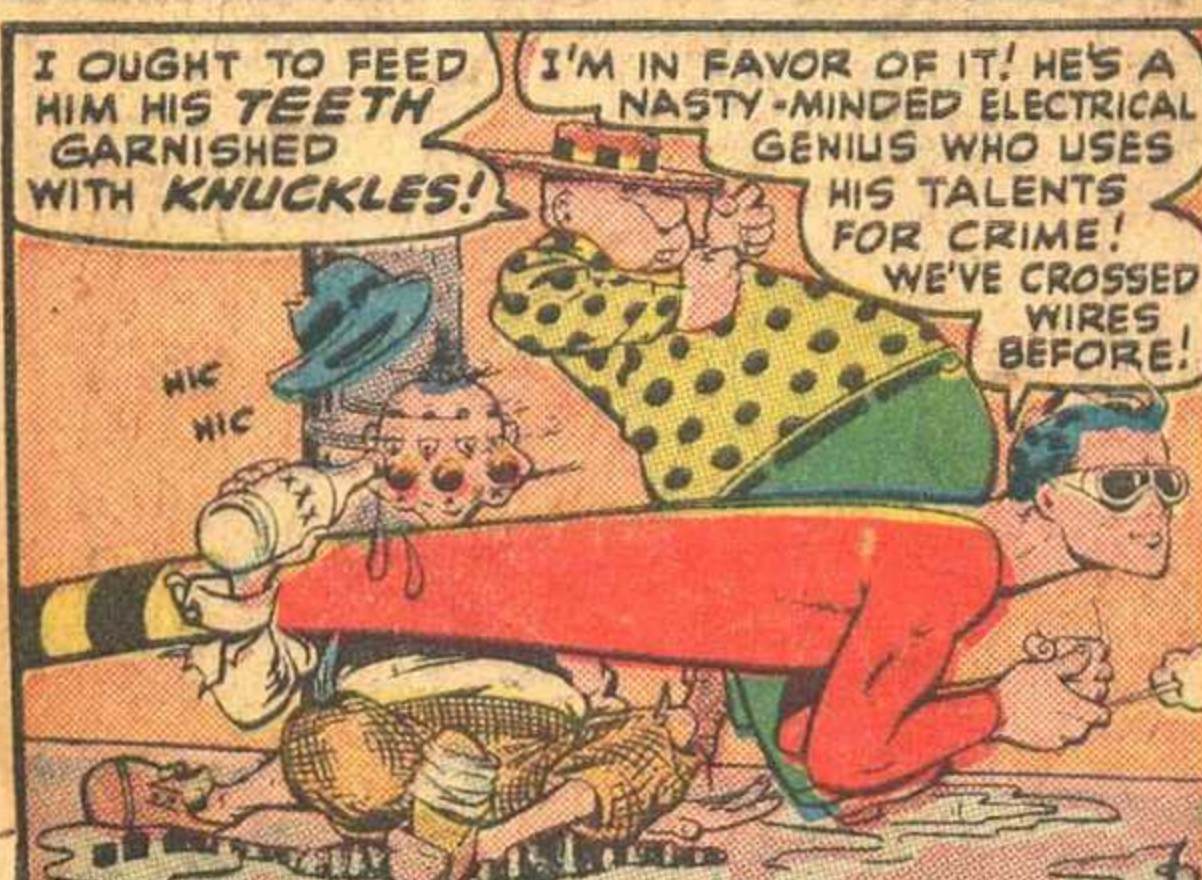
DR. VOLT GOT AWAY...
WHICH MEANS WE'RE IN
FOR A PARTICULARLY
NASTY CRIME WAVE
UNLESS WE RUN HIM
TO EARTH!

I DON'T GET THIS,
PLAS! WHY DID
YOU SPOIL MY
PICTURE?



THAT
PICTURE
WOULD HAVE BEEN
YOUR LAST! THAT
WAS NO CAMERA!
IT WAS AN ARTIFICIAL
LIGHTNING MACHINE
ABOUT TO
KILL YOU!

WHAT?
WHY, THAT
DOUBLE-
CROSSING
FIEND!



I OUGHT TO FEED
HIM HIS **TEETH**
GARNISHED
WITH **KNUCKLES!**

I'M IN FAVOR OF IT! HE'S A
NASTY-MINDED ELECTRICAL
GENIUS WHO USES
HIS TALENTS
FOR CRIME!
WE'VE CROSSED
WIRES
BEFORE!



... BUT HE NEVER
BEFORE HAD ANY-
THING AS POWERFUL
AS THAT LIGHTNING!
NOW I FEAR THE
WORST... AND I HAVE
NO IDEA WHERE TO
FIND HIM! I DON'T
EVEN KNOW HIS
REAL NAME!



CHEER UP,
PLAS! YOU CAN
COUNT ON **WOOZY**
WINKS TO WORK
BESIDE YOU UNTIL
THAT SCOUNDREL
IS BROUGHT TO
BOOK!

Meanwhile...

BILLS! BILLS!

THEY THREATEN TO CUT OFF MY GAS, CUT OFF MY PHONE, CUT OFF MY LIGHTS IF I DON'T PAY! AND I HAVEN'T A PENNY!

AND IT'S ALL THAT **GRR!!**! PLASTIC MAN'S FAULT!

IF HE HADN'T BUTTED IN LAST NIGHT, I'D BE RICH TODAY! HOW CAN I BE A GENIUS WITH **HIM** AROUND?

GRRR!

IF I ONLY HAD HIM BETWEEN THESE ELECTRODES, I'D GIVE HIM A BOLT OF LIGHTNING THAT NOT EVEN HIS RUBBER BODY COULD WITHSTAND!

WITH HIM DEAD, I'D SMASH THIS CITY AND WALLOW IN WEALTH! VAULTS WOULD COUGH UP THEIR TREASURES BY THE **MILLIONS!**

I CAN'T EVEN GO DOWNTOWN AND ROB A BANK, BECAUSE I HAVEN'T A NICKEL FOR CAR FARE! THE BITTER IRONY OF IT!

WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, WOODY'S GREAT PLAN BEGINS...

F.B.I. BUSINESS, SON! YOU CO-OPERATE WITH THE DEPARTMENT, SEE, AND MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TRAFFIC TICKETS!

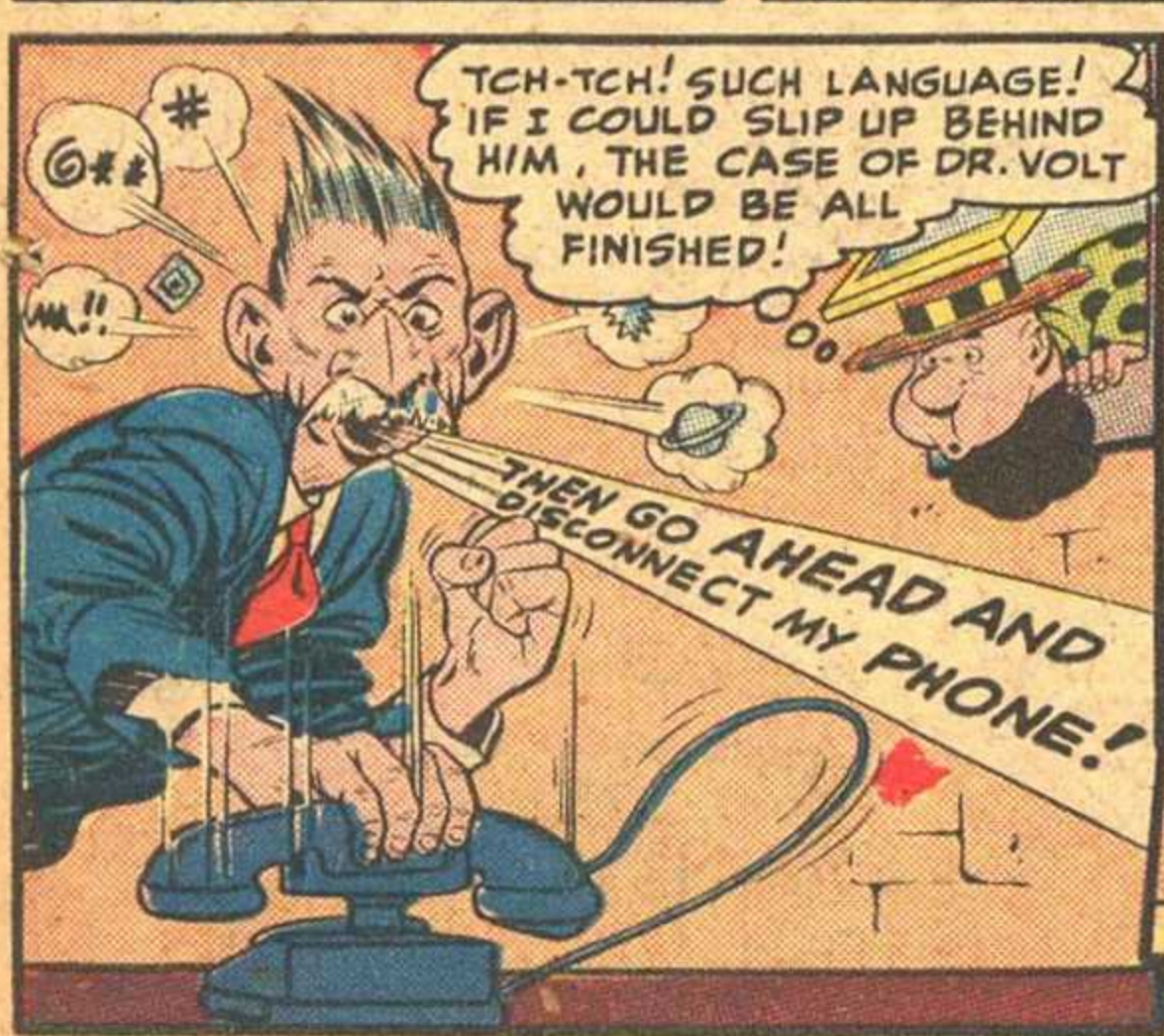
BOY, THE DISGUISES YOU FELLOWS DIG UP! OKAY, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

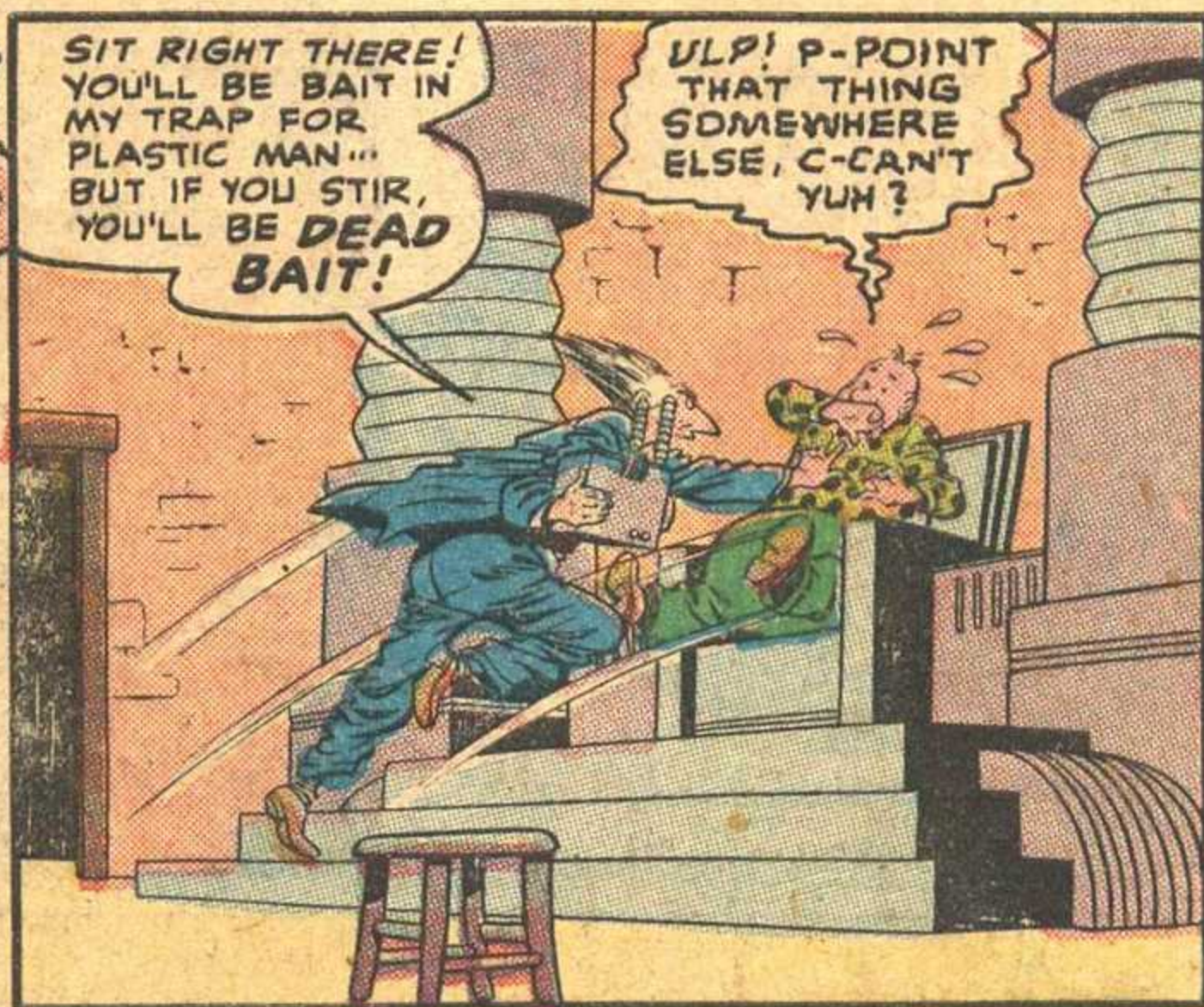
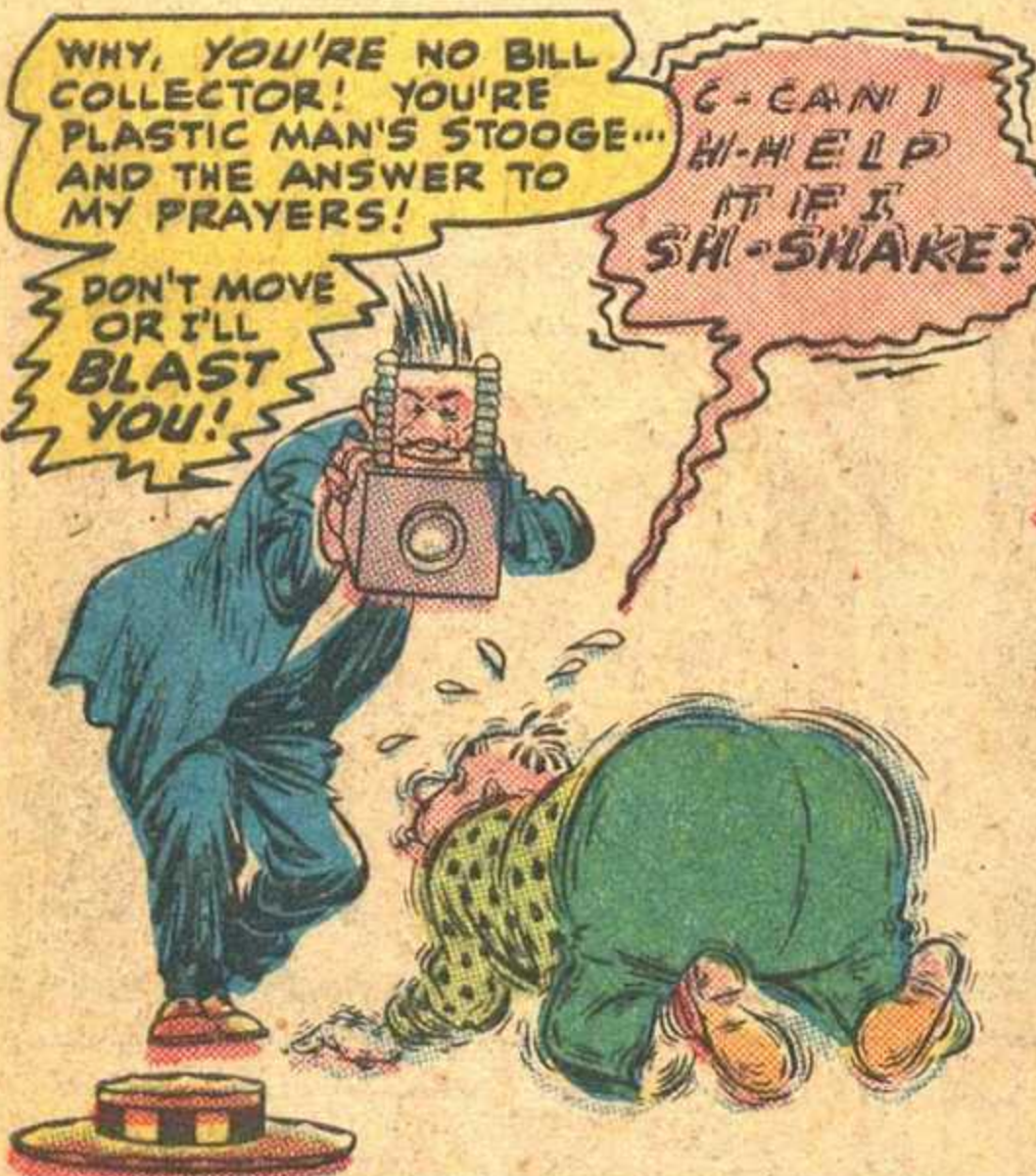
PAY ELECTRICITY LIGHT BILLS HERE

JUST SLIP ME THE NAME OF SOMEBODY WHO'S USING AN EXTRA BIG LOT OF ELECTRICITY LATELY FOR NO GOOD REASON!

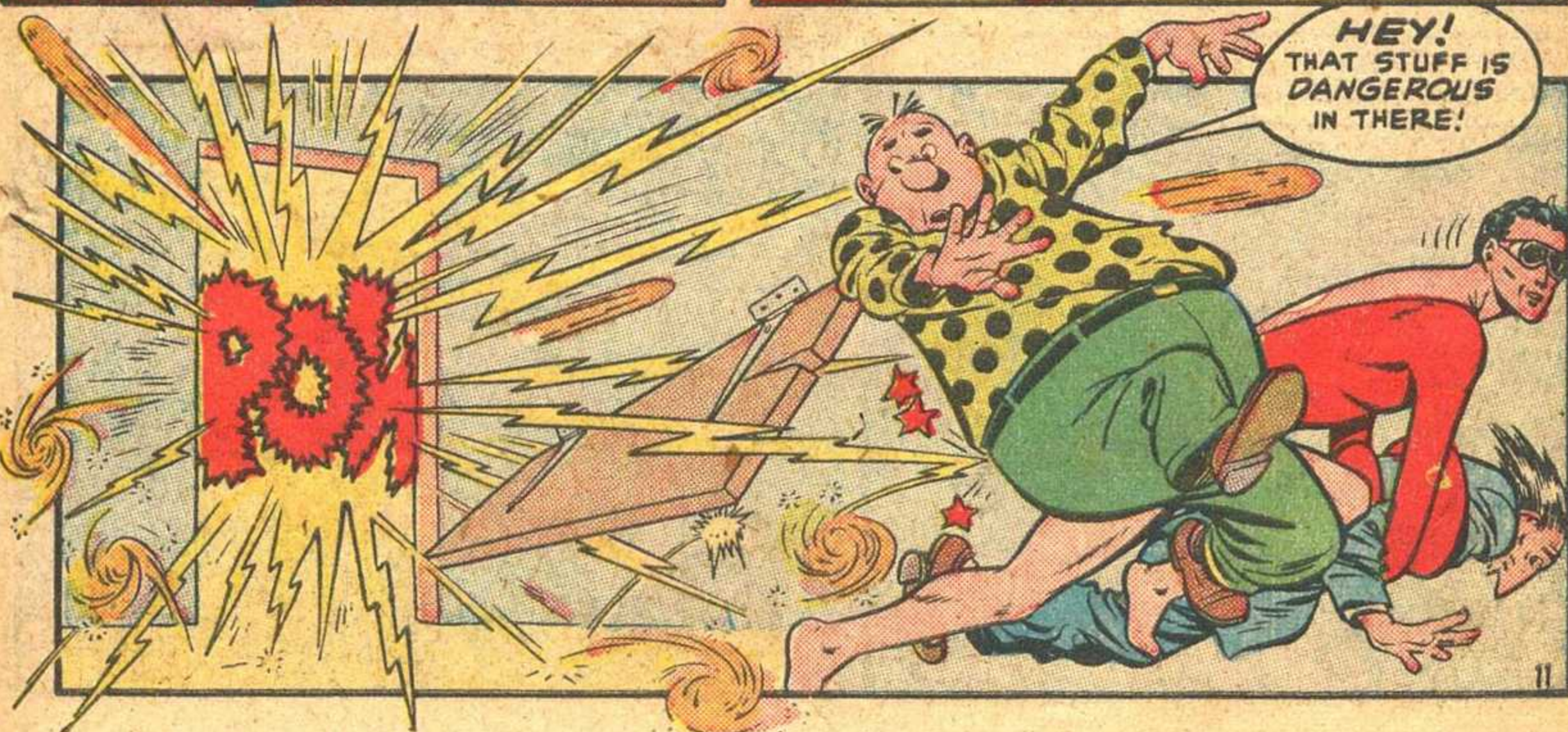
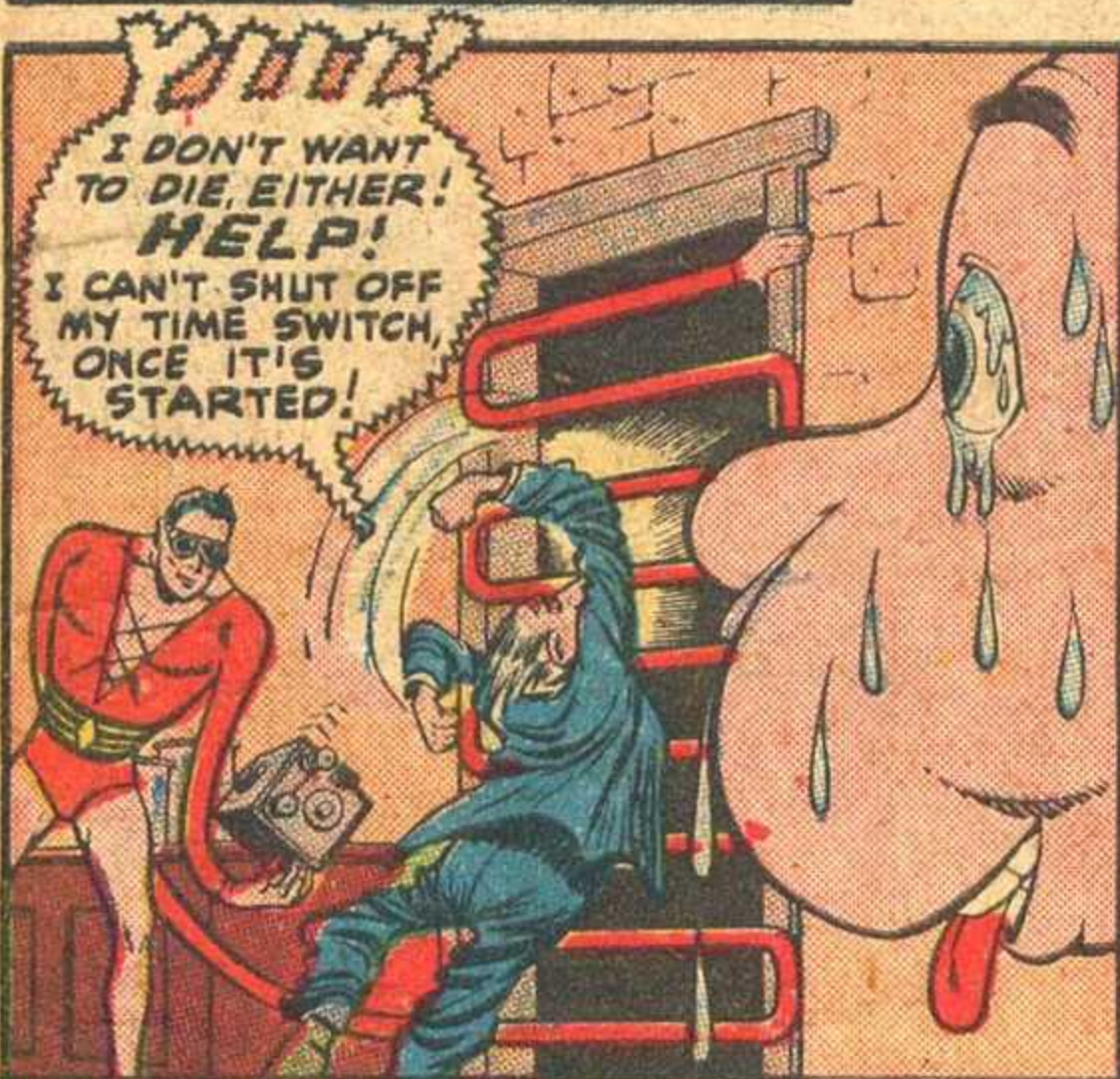
HMMM! SOUNDS LIKE A LITTLE JERK NAMED **AMPERE** WHO'S RENTING THE OLD MORGAN CASTLE! HE'S RUN UP AN AWFUL BILL LATELY!

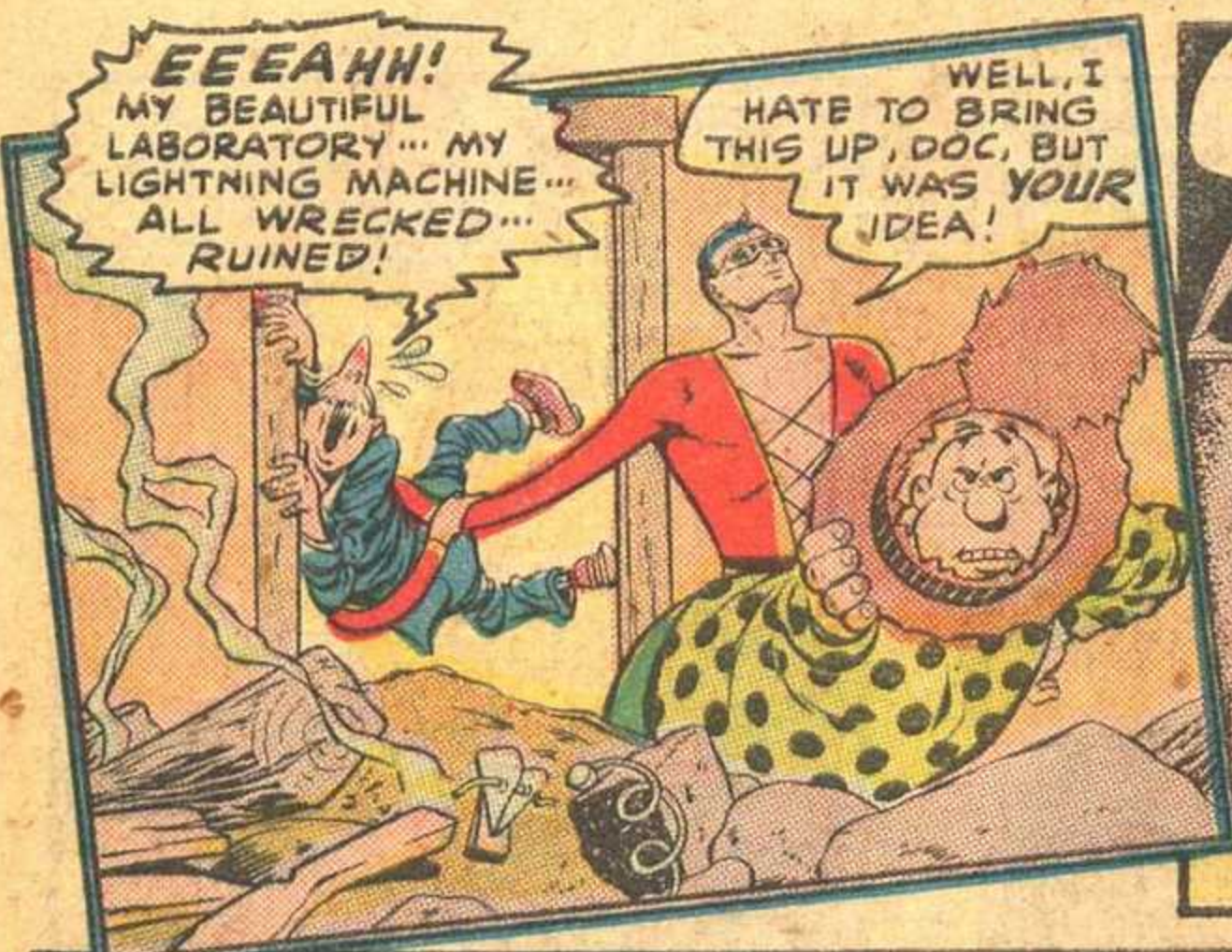
FINE! KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT AND I MIGHT EVEN COLLECT THE BILL... FOR A FAIR COMMISSION, OF COURSE! SEE YOU LATER!





PLASTIC MAN





EEEAHH!
MY BEAUTIFUL
LABORATORY... MY
LIGHTNING MACHINE...
ALL WRECKED...
RUINED!

WELL, I
HATE TO BRING
THIS UP, DOC, BUT
IT WAS YOUR
IDEA!



I'LL GET AWAY!
I'LL GO SOMEWHERE
AND START OVER
AGAIN!

GRAB
'IM,
PLAS!

LET HIM RUN
A LITTLE, WOODY!
IT'LL WEAR
HIM DOWN SO
HE'LL BE EASIER
TO HANDLE!



YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME AGAIN!

OH-OH! IT'S
GOING TO STORM!
I'D BETTER
CORRAL DOC
AND HEAD FOR
SHELTER!

ULP!
HOW DID
HE DO
THAT,
PLAS?

HE DIDN'T!
THAT'S
GENUINE
LIGHTNING
DRAWN BY
THAT LONE
TREE!



THAT'S WHAT
THEY CALL POETIC
JUSTICE, EH,
PLAS?

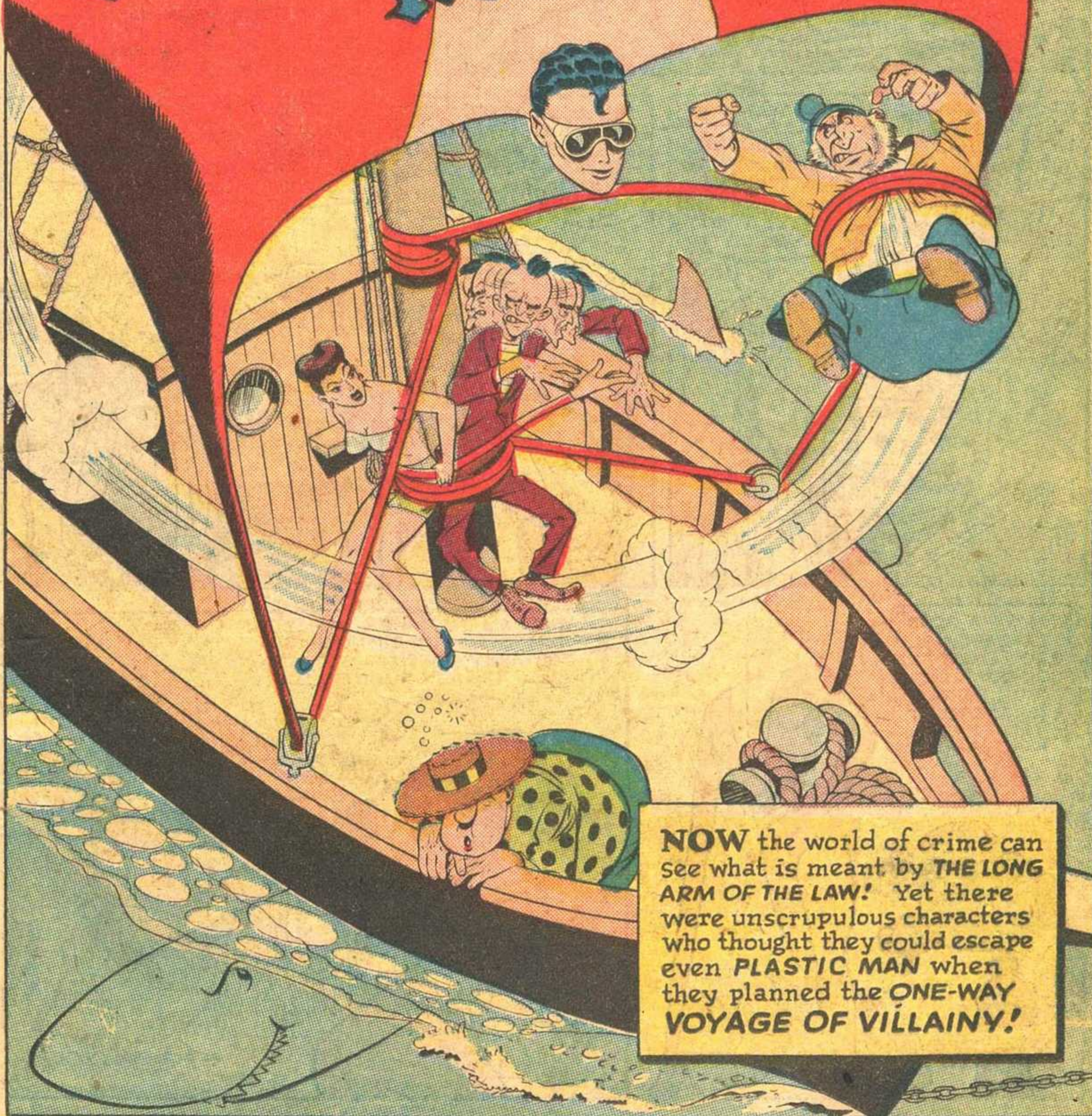
LET'S GO,
WOODY! IT'S
STARTING TO
RAIN!



PLAS,
YOU
COULDN'T WORK OUT
A PAIR OF RUBBERS
FOR ME, COULD YOU?
MY FEET ARE
GETTING
SOAKED!

AS I
REMEMBER IT,
THIS IS WHERE
I CAME IN!

PLASTIC MAN



NOW the world of crime can see what is meant by **THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW!** Yet there were unscrupulous characters who thought they could escape even **PLASTIC MAN** when they planned the **ONE-WAY VOYAGE OF VILLAINY!**

PLASTIC MAN

It began on a beautiful day, the kind that brings out beautiful thoughts....



PLASTIC MAN



A short time later...

888 88TH STREET --- I'M SURE THAT WAS IT!

88TH ST

HERE'S THE PLACE! BUT NOBODY ANSWERS ---AND THE DOOR'S LOCKED!

THE PLACE IS EMPTY! IF WOODY WAS HERE, HE'S GONE NOW!

BUT THE BACK DOOR'S OPEN --- AND RIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT! THERE'S A FELLOW ON THE PIER --- I'LL FIND OUT IF HE SAW WOODY!

Aboard ship...

OH!! WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE NOT ABOARD A LUXURY LINER, BUB! GET UP AND GO TO WORK! UP THE MAST AND SET THE SAIL!

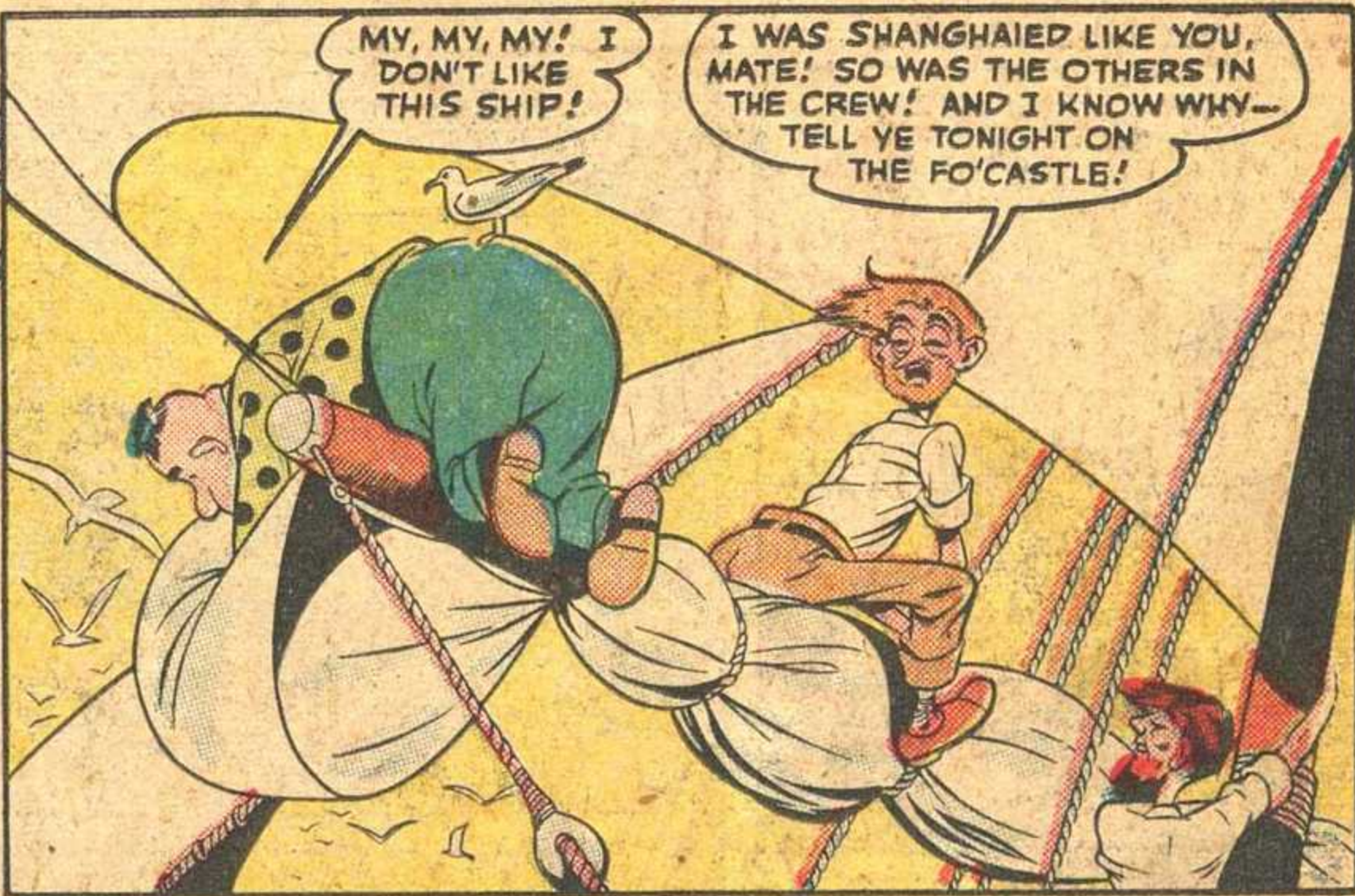
YEP, I SEEN SECH A FELLER AS YE DESCRIBE ---THEY CARRIED HIM ABOARD YON SAILIN' SHIP!

SHIP? THERE'S NO SHIP!

WELL, SALT ME DOWN AN' CALL ME PEANUTS! IT MUSTA UPPED ANCHOR AN' SAILED AWAY WITH THE TIDE!

WOODY! WOODY!

PLASTIC MAN



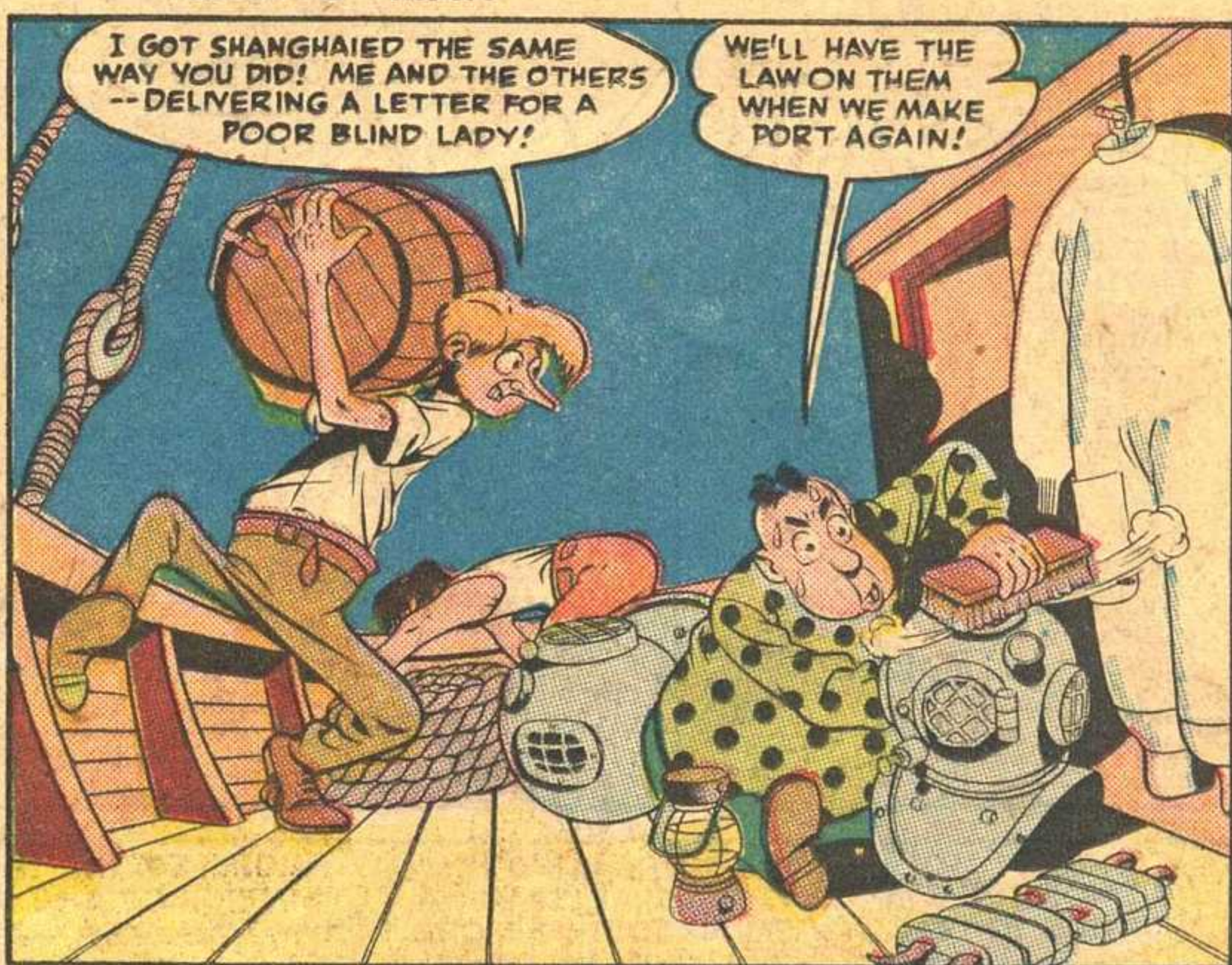
PLASTIC MAN



SEE? THERE IT IS AGAIN!

SOME KIND OF CLOUD, MAYBE --- THOUGH I NEVER SAW A CLOUD THAT SHAPE!

WE WON'T MAKE PORT, CHUM! THEY FIGURE TO KILL US ALL JUST BEFORE THEY DROP ANCHOR IN THE HOME HARBOR--- I OVERHEARD 'EM SAY SO!



I GOT SHANGHAIED THE SAME WAY YOU DID! ME AND THE OTHERS -- DELIVERING A LETTER FOR A POOR BLIND LADY!

WE'LL HAVE THE LAW ON THEM WHEN WE MAKE PORT AGAIN!



WHAT KIND OF A VOYAGE IS THIS?



THEY KNOW WHERE A GOVERNMENT SHIP'S SUNK ON A REEF -- FULL OF GOLD! THEY FIGURE TO SPLIT THE TREASURE AMONG 'EM --- AND WE DO THE WORK AND DROWN AT THE END!

BUT THEY'VE GOT TO BRING UP THE GOLD FIRST! I SEEM TO HAVE AN IDEA ---



IF THEY HAVEN'T GOT GEAR, THEY CAN'T DIVE -- AND CAN'T GET THE TREASURE! SO WE'LL LIVE!

YOU OUT-SMARTED YOURSELF, STUPID!



WITHOUT GEAR, WE CAN'T DIVE -- BUT YOU CAN -- AND WILL!

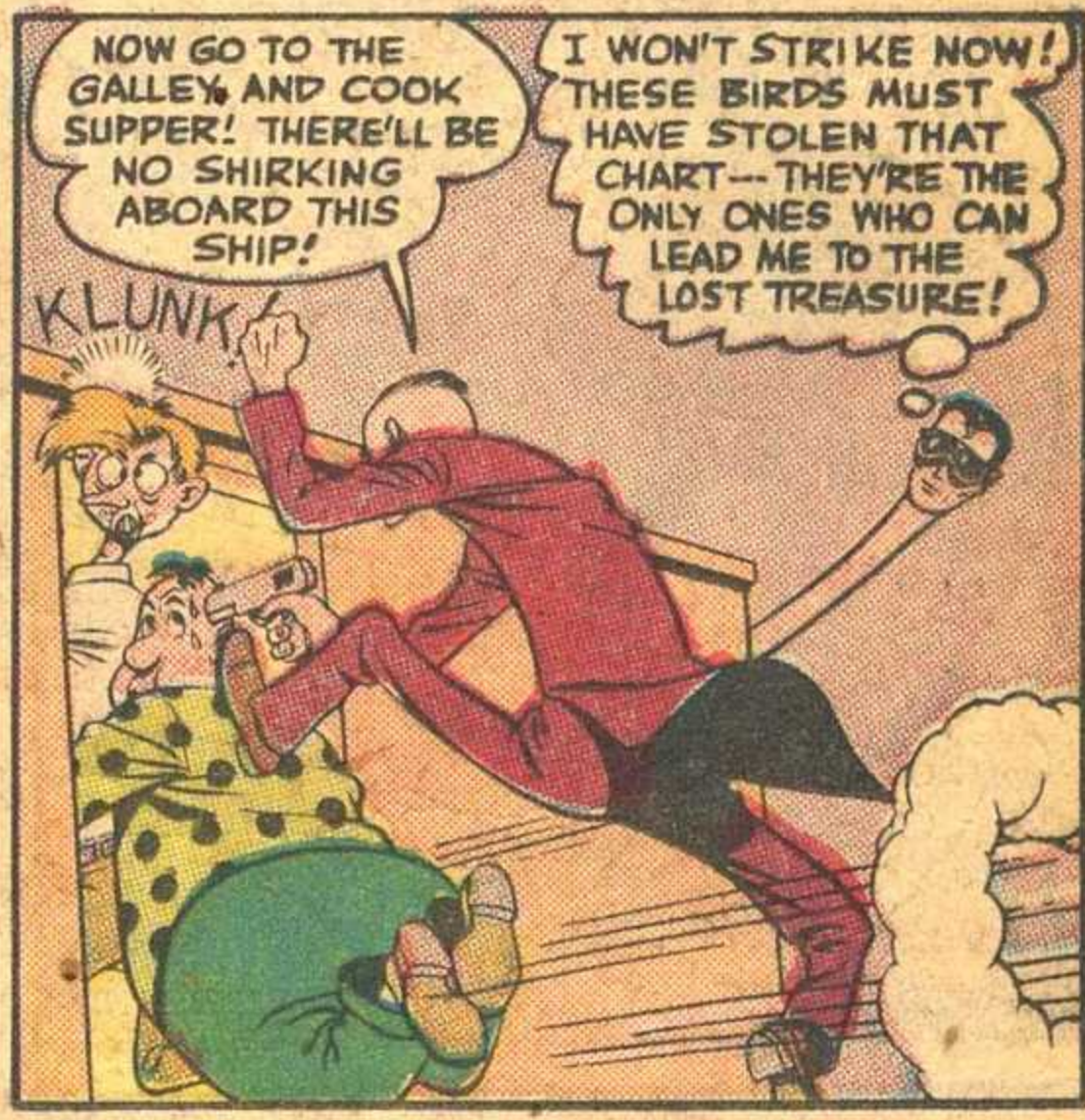
HEY, I DON'T LIKE THIS JOB! I RESIGN! I QUIT! IN FACT, I'M THROUGH!



SWIMMING UNDER WATER AFTER TREASURE -- I MIGHT DROWN!

YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, OR DIE RIGHT NOW!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



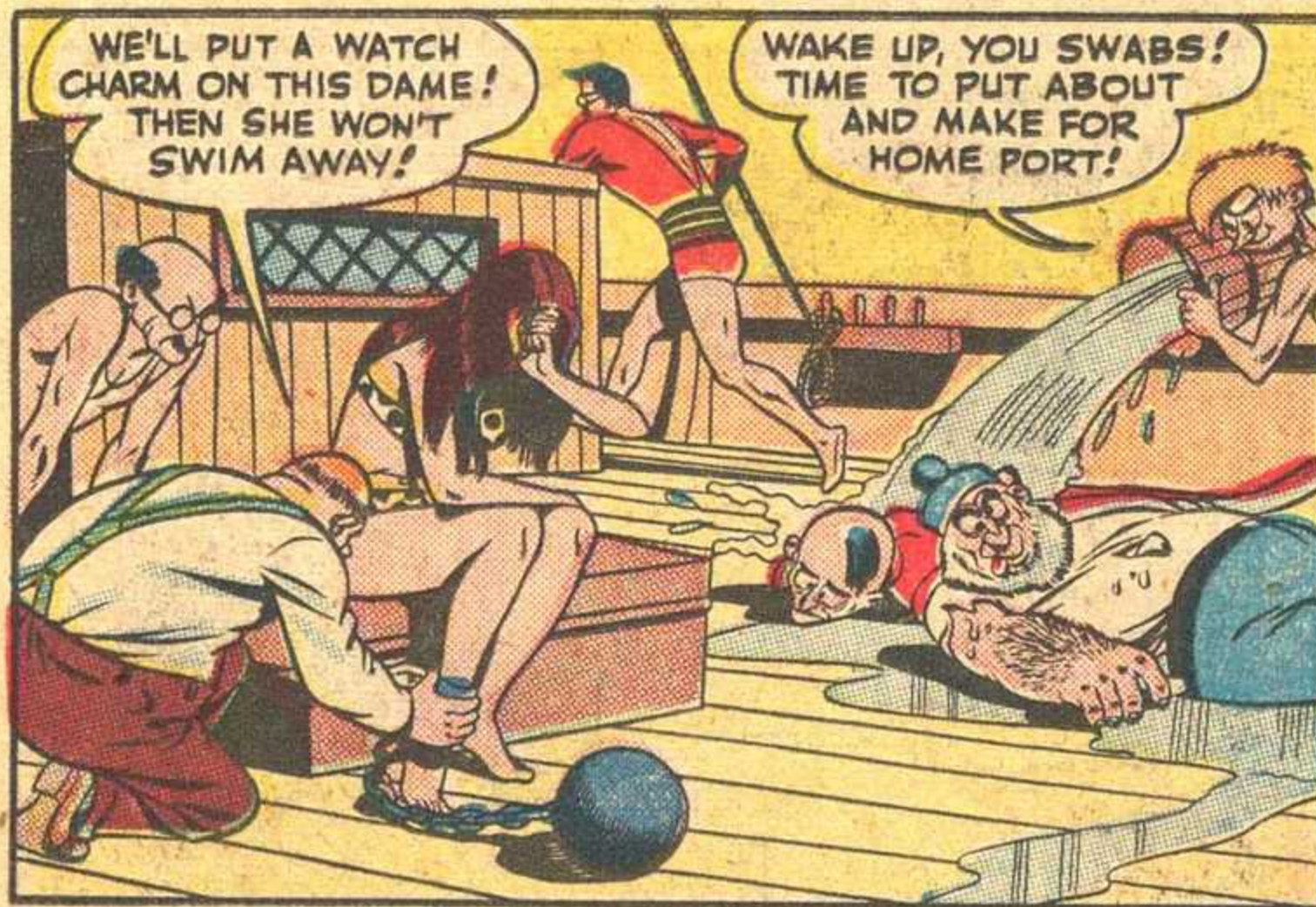
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



WOOLZY

NOW LOOK CLOSELY
AT THIS SCENE ... THEN
TELL ME THE CONCLUSIONS
TO WHICH YOUR

NOW LOOK CLOSELY
AT THIS SCENE... THEN
TELL ME THE CONCLUSIONS
TO WHICH YOUR
OBSERVATIONS
LEAD YOU!

THAT'S AN
EASY ONE,
PROFESSOR!
IT'S MOVING
DAY!

PROFESSOR
RUDGE'S
MIND TRAINING
SCHOOL

CHASE BULL BANK

AND DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN WITH SUCH A SCREWY REQUEST, WOODY... TO GIVE YOU AN ASSIGNMENT THAT'LL SHOW PLASTIC MAN YOU CAN HANDLE A CASE ON YOUR OWN!

WHY YOU HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT THE **MIND**... LET
ALONE THE **TRAINED**
MIND YOU NEED FOR
F.B.I. WORK!

FBI

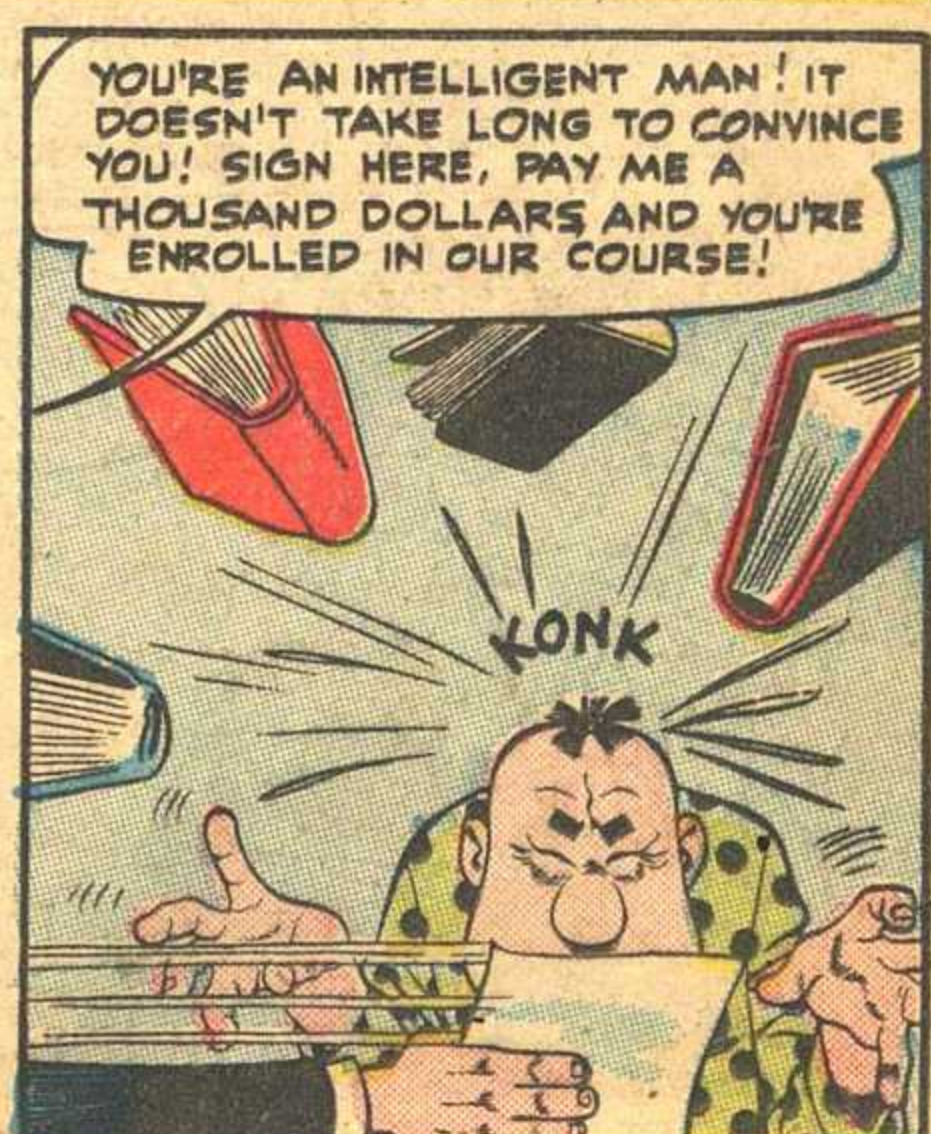
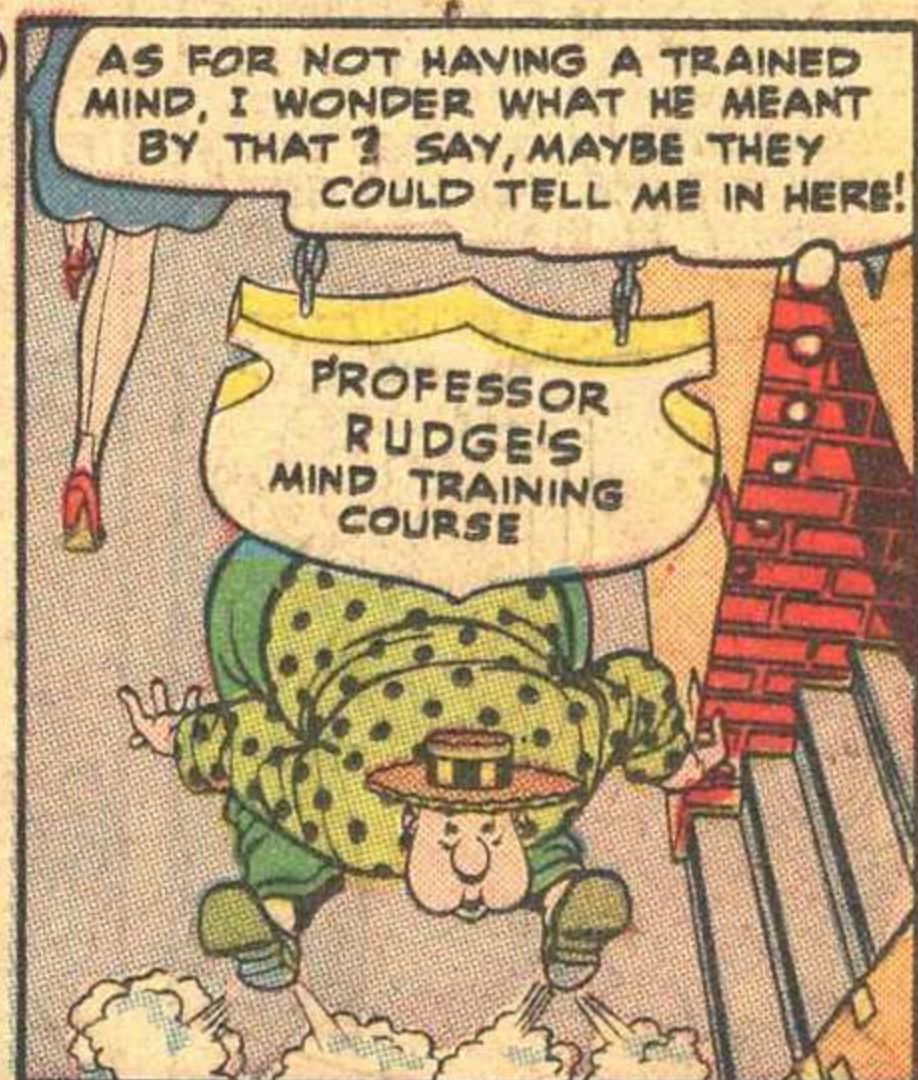
SO THE MIND CAN LET
ALONE THE TRAINED
MIND YOU NEED FOR
F.B.I. WORK!

F.B.I.

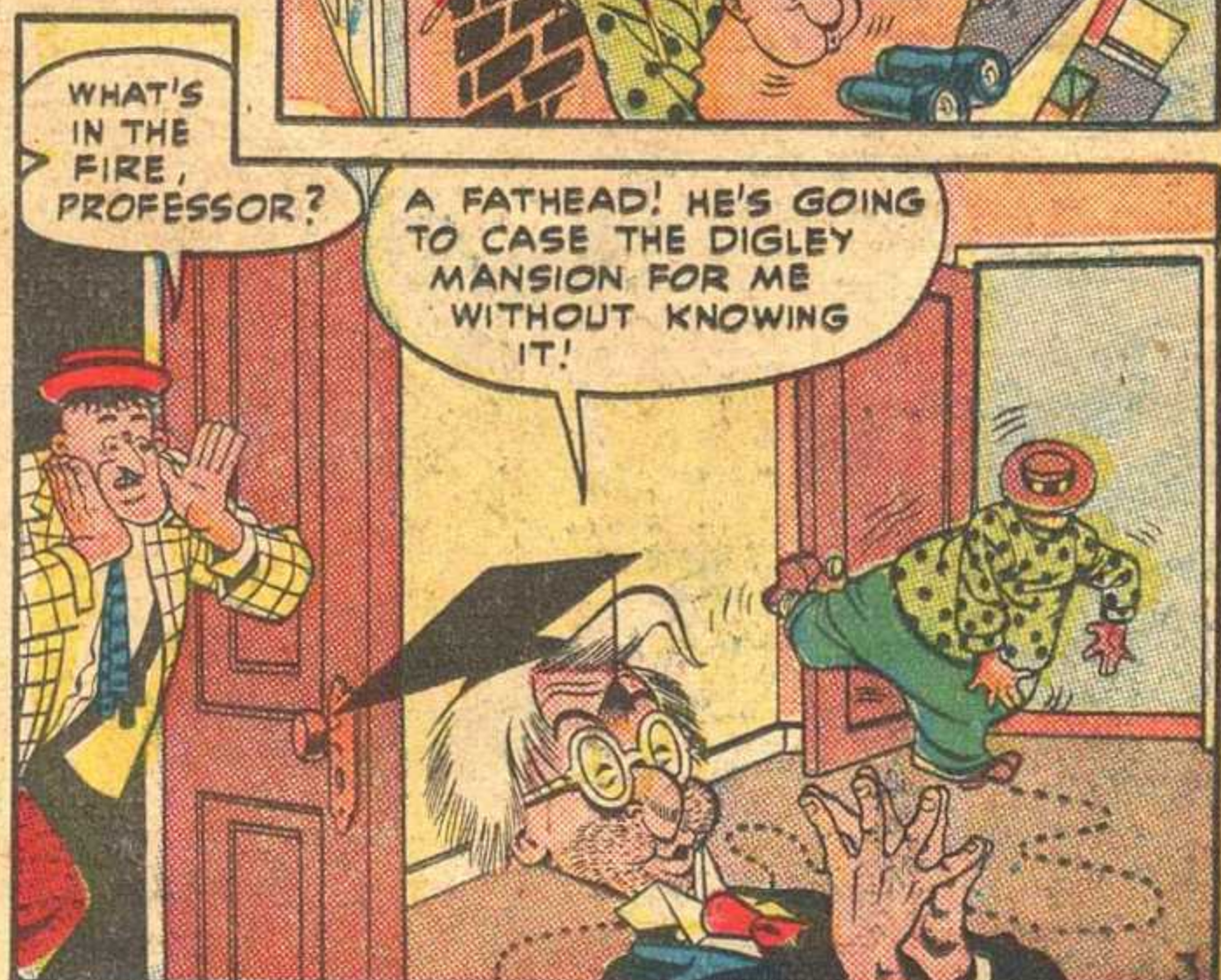
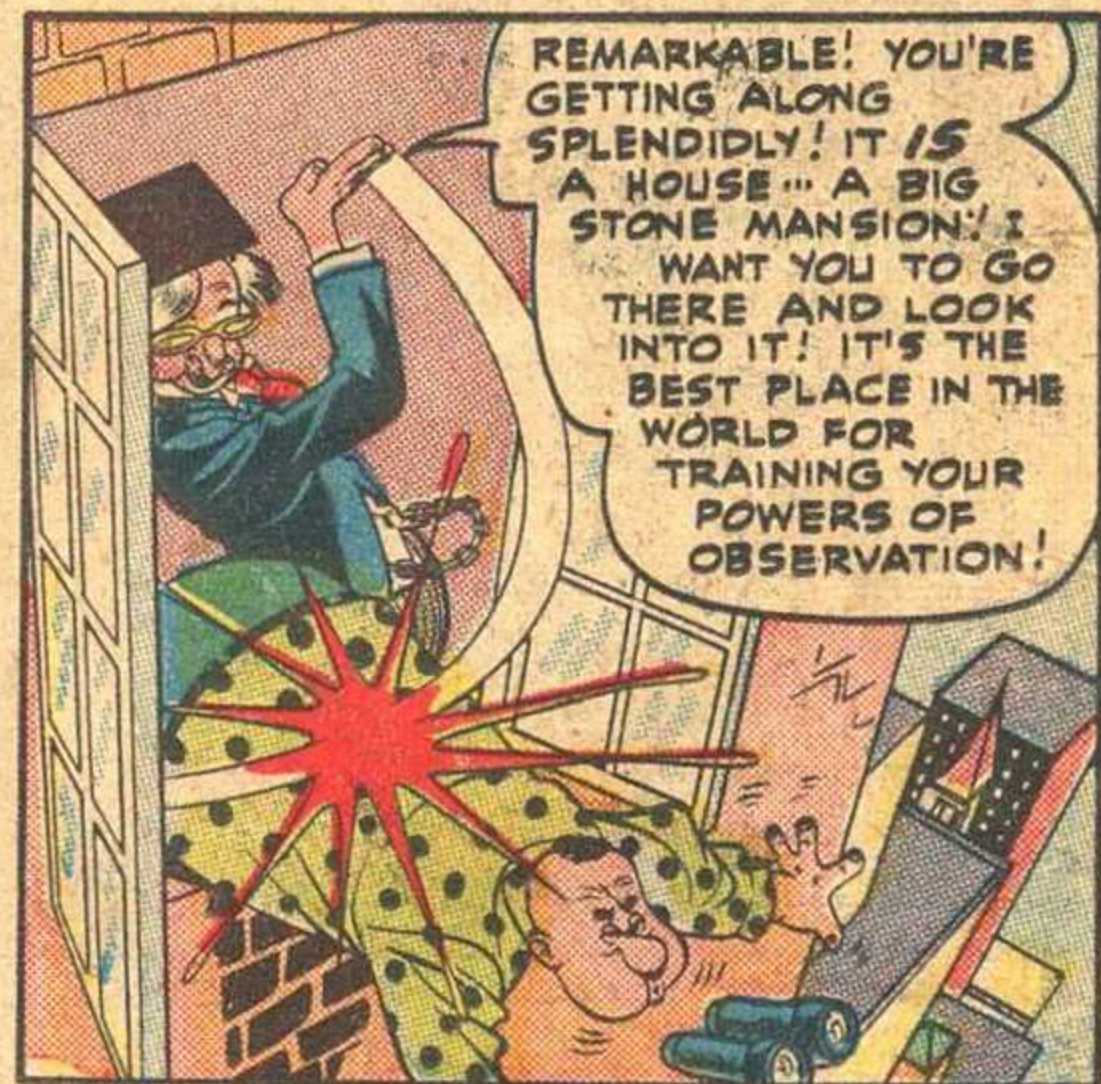
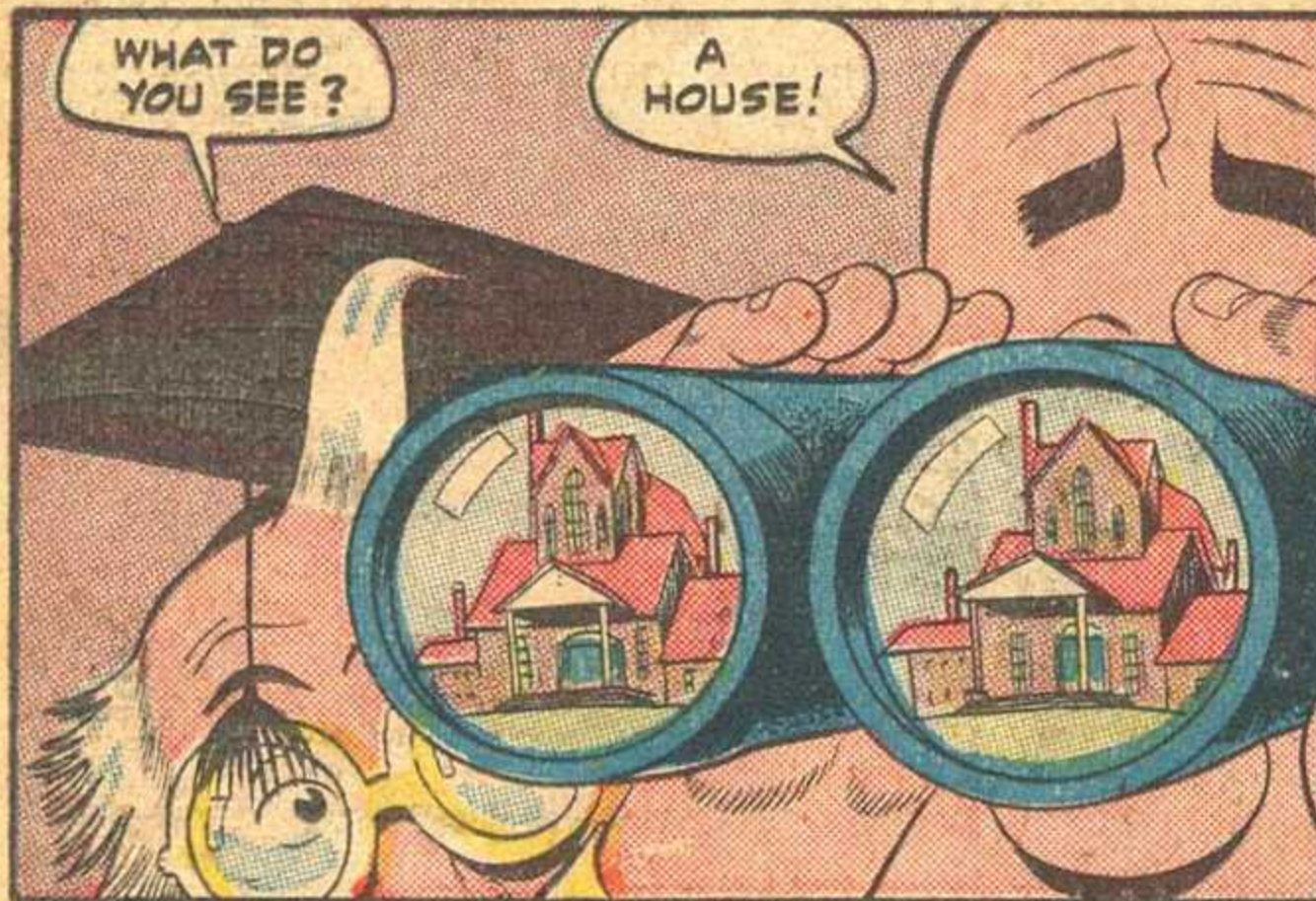
SCRAM

B-B-B-BUT...
OOOF!

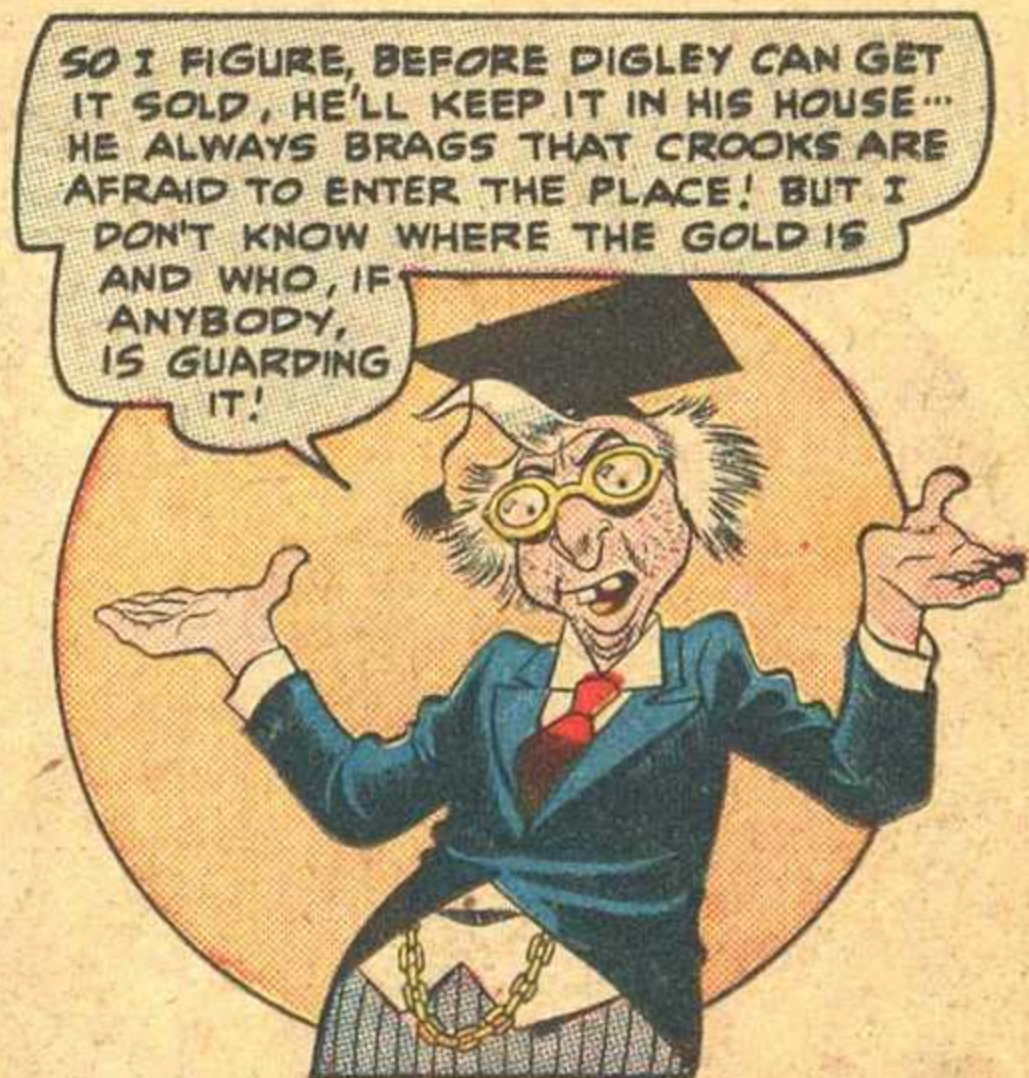
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

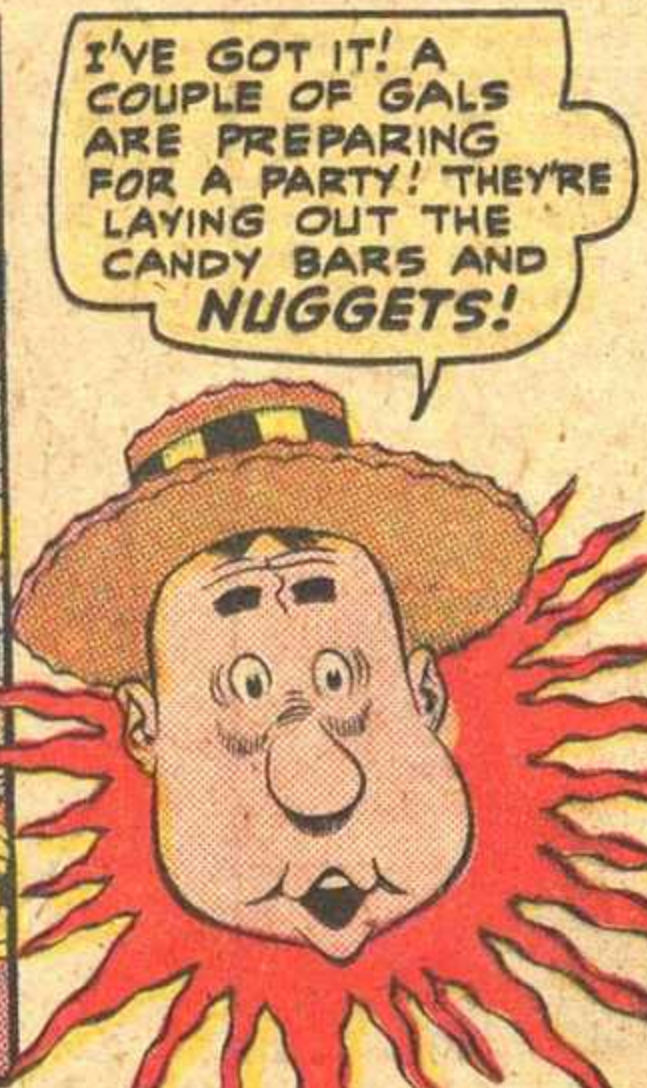


PLASTIC MAN





NOW WE'LL PUT THE NUGGETS HERE, EVELYN!



I'VE GOT IT! A COUPLE OF GALS ARE PREPARING FOR A PARTY! THEY'RE LAYING OUT THE CANDY BARS AND NUGGETS!



Back at the school...

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU OBSERVED!

FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY! A COUPLE OF GIRLS ARE RUNNING IT!



EXCELLENT! COMMENDABLE! YOU'RE A STAR PUPIL! JUST FOR THAT, YOU MAY LEAVE SCHOOL EARLY TODAY!

OH, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR!

PAT! PAT!



I'LL BET, WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE, I CAN BECOME THE BEST OBSERVER THE PROFESSOR HAS EVER SEEN! LET'S SEE... I'LL COUNT THE NUMBER OF BUILDINGS FROM THE SCHOOL TO THE CORNER! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...



EIGHT BUILDINGS! WAIT'LL I TELL THAT TO THE PROFESSOR TOMORROW! I'LL BET NONE OF HIS OTHER PUPILS EVER NOTICED THAT! BOY, AM I TRAINING MY MIND!

DANGER
MEN AT WORK



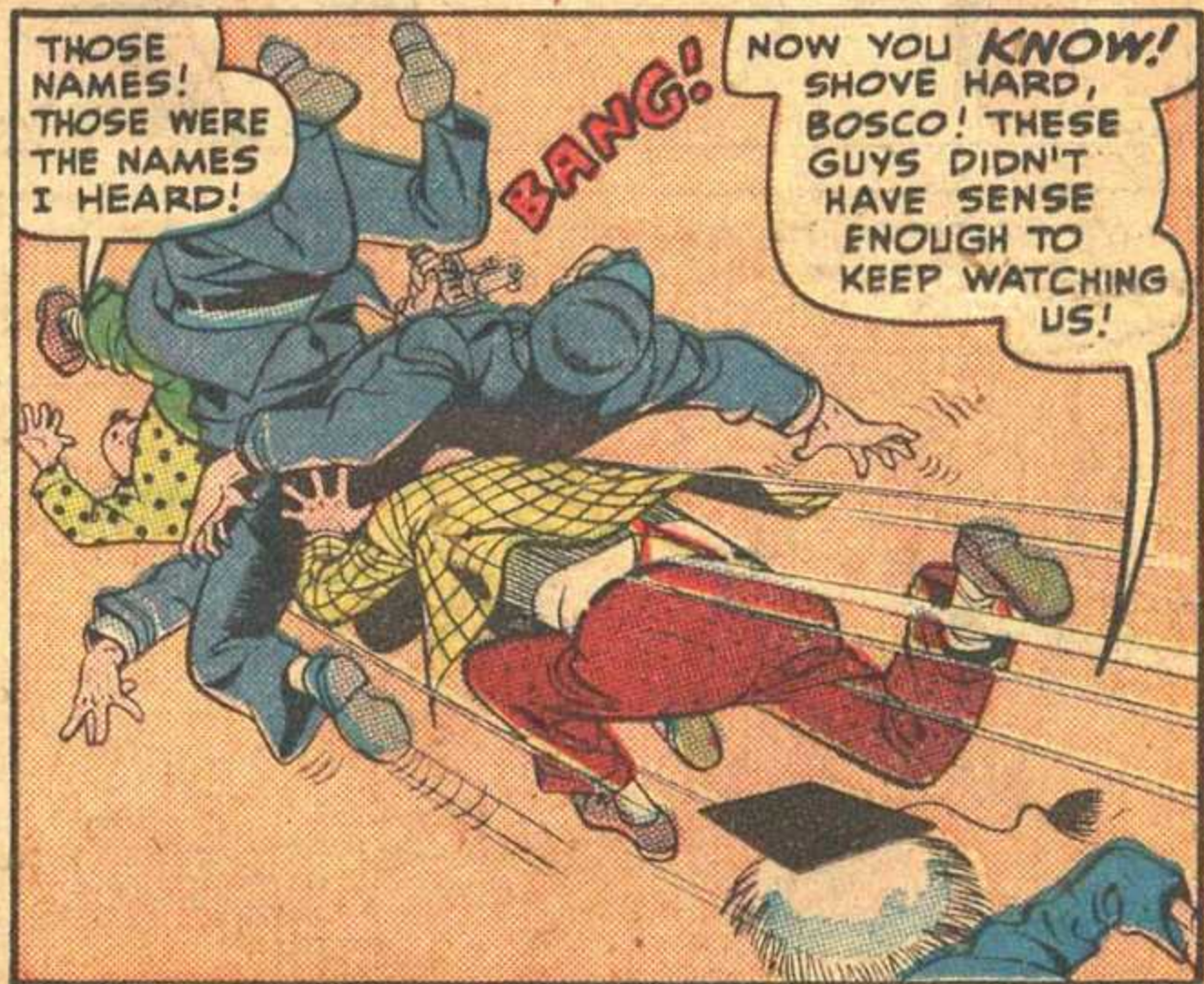
I'VE GOT RESULTS, BOSCO! THE SIMP CAVED THE DIGLEY JOINT! DIGLEY'S SO SURE OF HIMSELF HE'S LETTING A COUPLE OF GALS HANG AROUND... PROBABLY THOSE DEBUTANTE NIECES OF HIS... AND THEY'RE PUTTING ON A PARTY THERE!

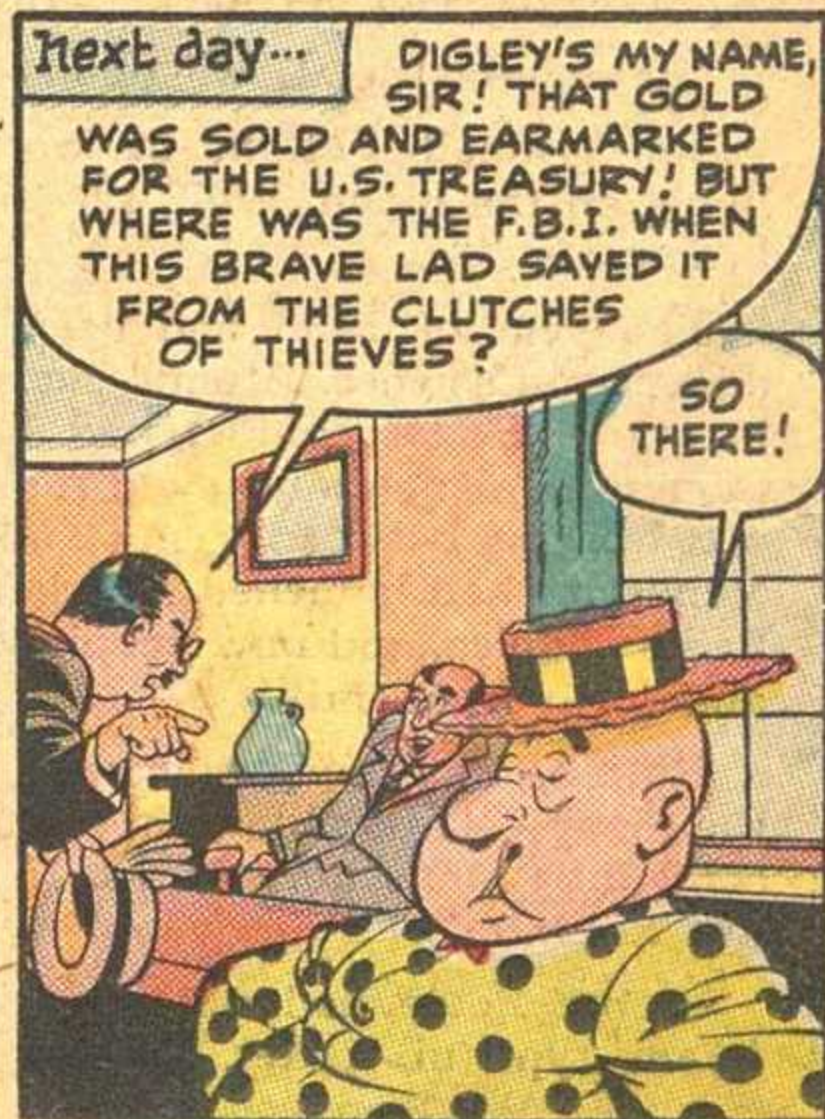
A PARTY WE MUST NOT FAIL TO ATTEND! LET'S GO!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN





THE GLASS PLANET

"NOW that the projectile is built, what are you gonna do with it?"

Jim Blane stood in the huge lab looking at the gleaming monster resting on its runway.

"Do with it?" grinned Monte Poole, inventor. "We're goin' to the moon, stupid!"

Blane nodded. "Just because they've been able to shoot rockets to the moon is no reason for you guys to think you can make it—and live."

"Why not?" Monte picked up a batch of drawings. "Nobody knows what happened to those rockets, except that they landed. Their instruments did little good. Now, with someone aboard—"

"Yeah, Monte," interposed Blane. "With someone aboard. Fine. But aren't you forgetting a little item?"

Monte smiled with a superior air. "I'm not liable to. You're referring to the changing temperatures, of course. We've got that whipped. Take a look."

Monte held out a drawing. "See those suits? Wear one of those and you can stand either temperatures of hundreds above or hundreds below zero. Does that answer your question?"

Jim nodded. "Well, it looks as if you've got it whipped then. Good luck, Monte. When you taking off?"

"Tonight," said Monte. "Six of us."

"Sure you can get back?" Jim asked.

"Reasonably so. If we don't—"

Jim grinned. "Might be worse things than living on the moon. Well, I'll stick close to my beamcaster."

The year of 1953 had been one of mighty advance in science. Atomic energy was in common use. Radar contact had been made with numerous planets and even radiophone service was working between Venus and the earth. The Venusians had launched a rocket and landed in Santa Monica, and now people were going back and forth frequently.

But one thing science wanted to conquer was the moon—its terrible temperatures—and learn something of its inhabitants. If it had any. No one knew.

Monte Poole had not only invented a different type of rocket, he had invented suits

of plastic material that would withstand the intense cold of sub-zero nights and horribly blazing lunar days. He and his entire crew seemed extremely confident of success.

The Poole projectile took off as scheduled. The world's radar telescreens followed its course through outer space, its seven-hour flight to our sister planet. The screens lost it in the moon's atmosphere, so the landing was invisible. However, the beamsopes kept picking up Monte's messages, flashed from the cold planet.

"We've landed in a great mountain pass," came the words. "It looks like solid ice. It is night now, and the cold is awful—193 below zero! We haven't ventured out as yet, and may wait for daylight, when the temp jumps to far above zero. What will happen to this ice then?"

Hours passed. Days. No more word from Monte and his crew. The beamsopes kept firing messages to Monte. Please answer? What's happened?

Soon after Monte switched off his beamscope, a terrible cosmic storm swept over the moon's surface. It utterly destroyed electrical reception. The storm roared and blasted and shook the very mountains. It was impossible to leave the projectile. Then the day came, and with it burning heat. The machine was insulated for both heat and cold, but the interior grew like a furnace. The air conditioning hardly helped.

Monte watched closely. The icy mountains remained the same under this impact of heat waves. What kind of ice was it that wouldn't melt? Then he stumbled on to the thing: it was not ice but solid glass!

"The moon is covered with a thick coating of glass," he beamed to earth. "We intend to start explorations now—more later."

And that was all Earth heard from the party for another week.

Monte had built a small flyer that would accompany two men. It was fast and powerful, atomic-powered. He and Slim Brown set off one day, flying over the glass mountains.

They crossed one range and looked down upon a vast sea. But there were no waves. It was a sea of glass! They flew down, hovered, and then lightly set the ship onto the glass floor. It was smooth. They could see down many fathoms through the transparent substance; but there was no water visible.

They flew on, crossing more ranges of hills.

PLASTIC MAN

Once they came over a forest of gigantic trees, all heavily armored in glass. It was an incredible sight, trees hundreds of feet tall, standing like monstrous stalactites on a plain of green glass.

"Only glass everywhere on this side. Let's try the side the earth never sees. We'll be the first to see it."

They were several hours making the epic flight, but at last they reached the dark half of the moon. Here the glass grew less thick, the heat and cold less extreme. Eventually they reached a portion of the planet where the climate was equable and there was no glass. Trees of violent red and blue vegetation vied with garish yellow grasses and vast flowers that looked like gargoyles.

Slim was walking ahead when suddenly he stopped and cried out. "Look, Monte! The biggest cave in the world!"

Monte came around the bend of the hill and stared before him. It was indeed a hole of mighty proportions. It yawned across a mountain face at least a mile wide and more than that in height. It was dark inside.

"Let's explore it," he said. They went back and piled into the little ship. Then they were flying through the darkness of this gigantic tunnel. They flew for hours, the tunnel varying little in size.

Where did it lead?

The little ship suddenly began acting rather strange. It bucked and trembled as if in the grip of a giant's fist. Great walls of air struck it and Monte had a hard time controlling it. Then abruptly they shot out into a dazzling cavern of truly mighty proportions. Below them was a seething cauldron of liquid fire, boiling and bubbling, its hot gases shooting off in every direction.

"The glass pot," said Monte as he strove to hold the craft on its course. "Would be awful to fall into that inferno."

Slim said, "And here is where the glass comes

from. Why, we must be near the center of the moon right now, Monte! It's molten glass!"

Monte chuckled. "And we thought it was made of green cheese! Hey!"

The plane was swept far off its course in a tremendous wave of energy that blinded both lads. Monte had a hard time to keep them from crashing against the walls of the cave—solid glass walls. But he managed to get the little crate steady.

"Look!" shouted Slim, pointing. "She's going to blow off! See all those huge holes—they must lead upward—Look out!"

A great wave of force hurled them ahead at a speed far surpassing that of which the engine was capable. Straight out through the tunnel which they had followed inside, so fast they could see nothing but a constant greenish blur. The ship was out of control.

They shot into daylight as a great roaring thundered behind them. Even out here, hundreds of miles from its source, the wall of force was appalling. They shot far out beyond the moon's atmosphere, and it took them many minutes to get back and on a course for the projectile.

"Long before they saw it, they knew it was too late. A huge column of greenish molten glass was pouring from one of the blowholes not far from where they had left the projectile. Monte and Slim could see it now, hundreds of feet below them, solidly encased in a tomb of glass.

"Poor chaps," said Monte. "Why didn't we have sense enough to explore before leaving them where we did?"

"What I'm worried about is how we're gonna get back to Terra Firma. Have you thought of that, Monte?"

Monte hadn't. "Only chance we have is if the boys beamed the earth and asked for help. Otherwise, we're doomed to be moon residents, and I'll swear I don't like the prospect."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF PLASTIC MAN, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the PLASTIC MAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

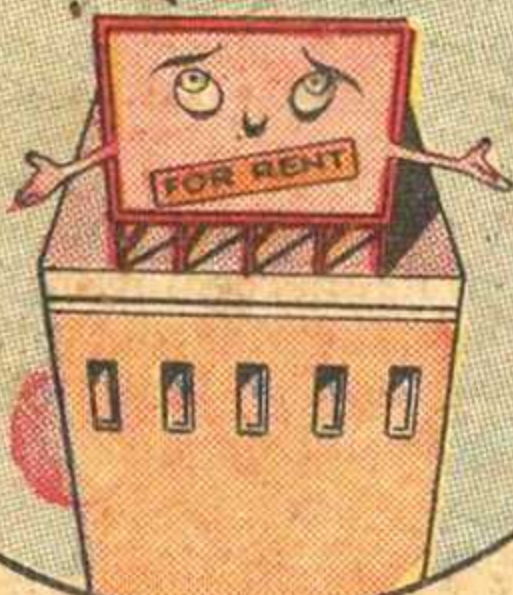
EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1948.)

PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN

DID YOU EVER STOP
TO THINK WHAT A
LONELY LIFE A BILL-
BOARD LIKE ME
SOMETIMES LEADS?

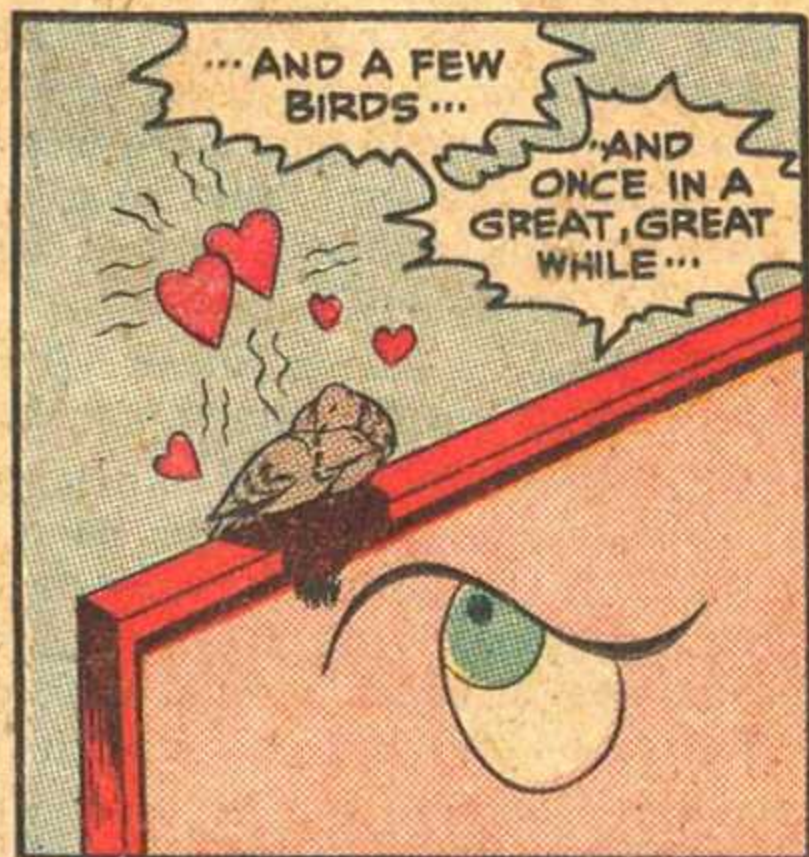


...HIGH ABOVE THE CITY
WITH NO COMPANY BUT
THE CLOUDS...

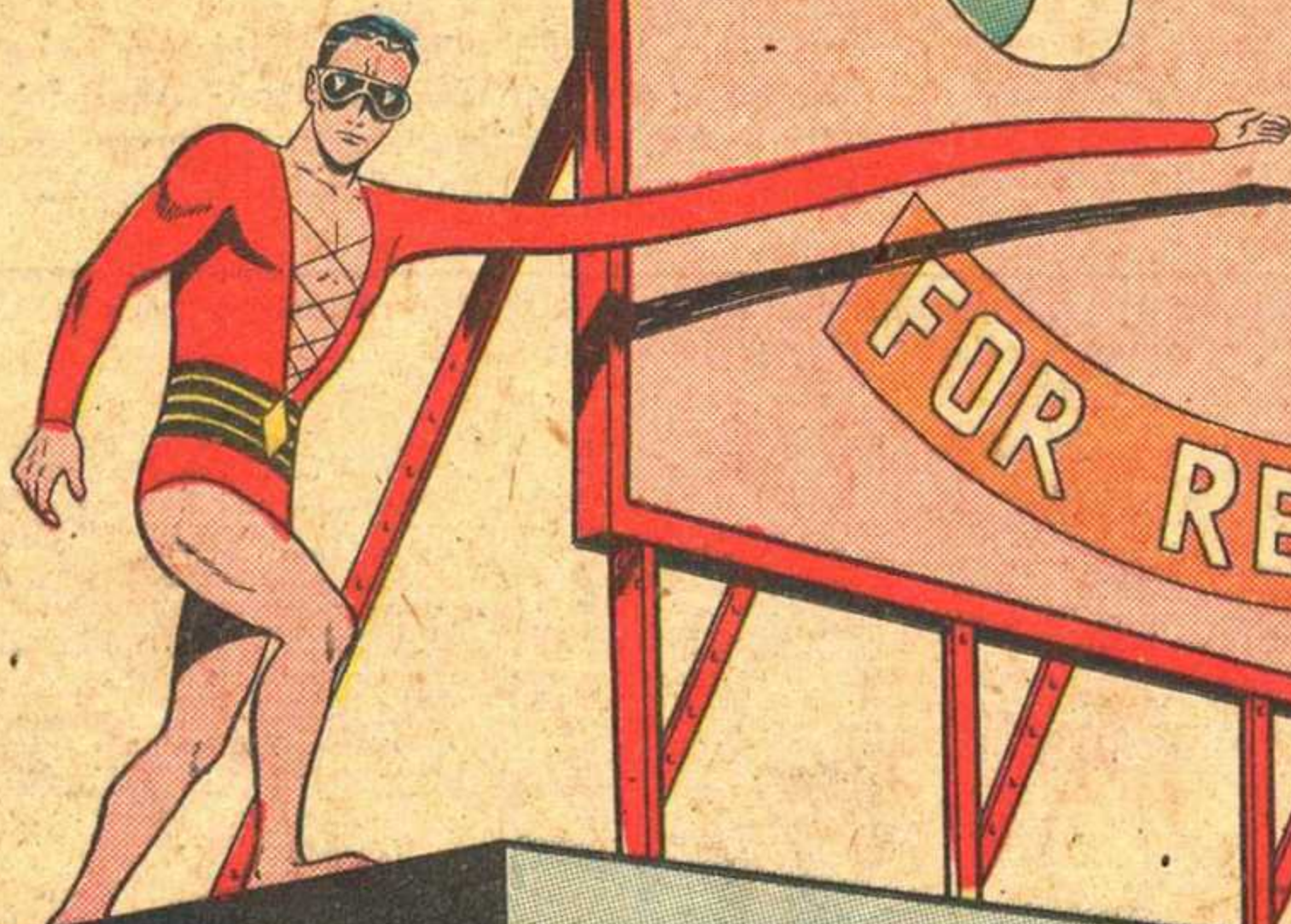


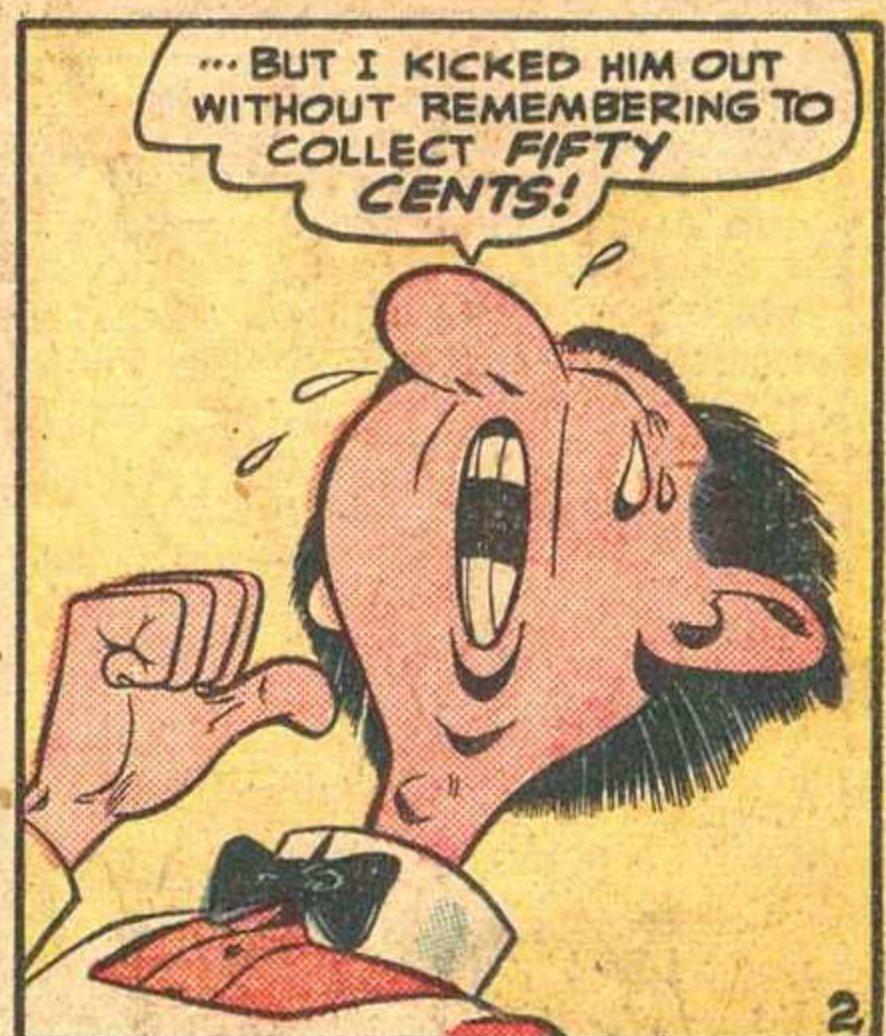
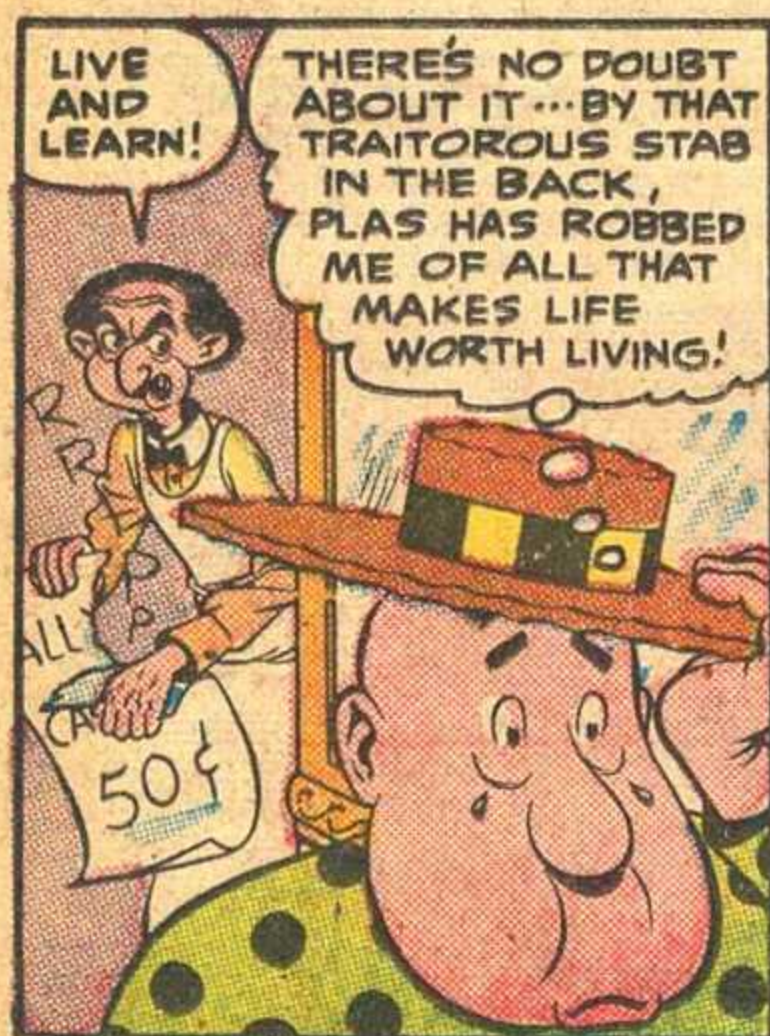
...AND A FEW
BIRDS...

...AND
ONCE IN A
GREAT, GREAT
WHILE...



PLASTIC MAN!

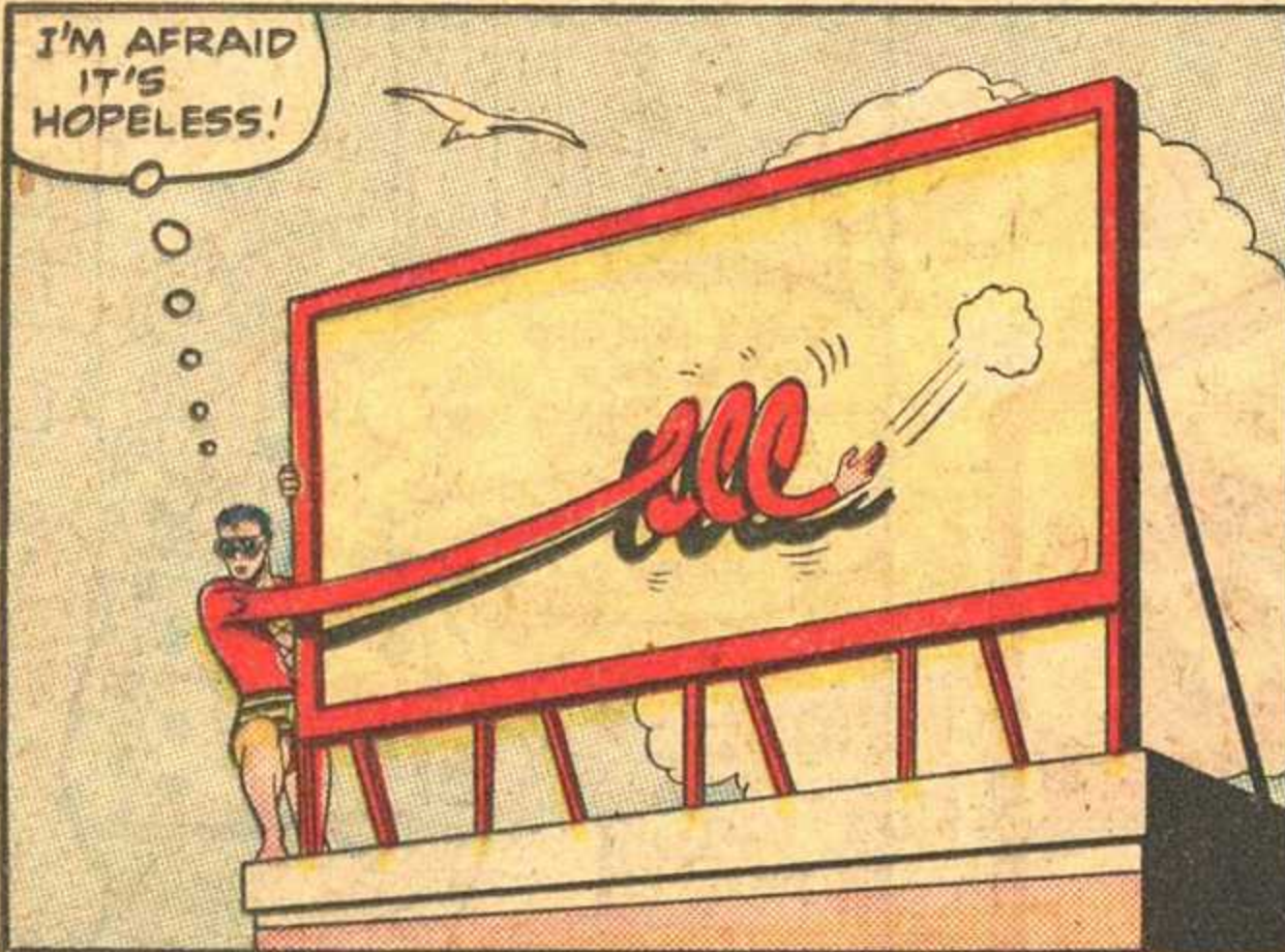




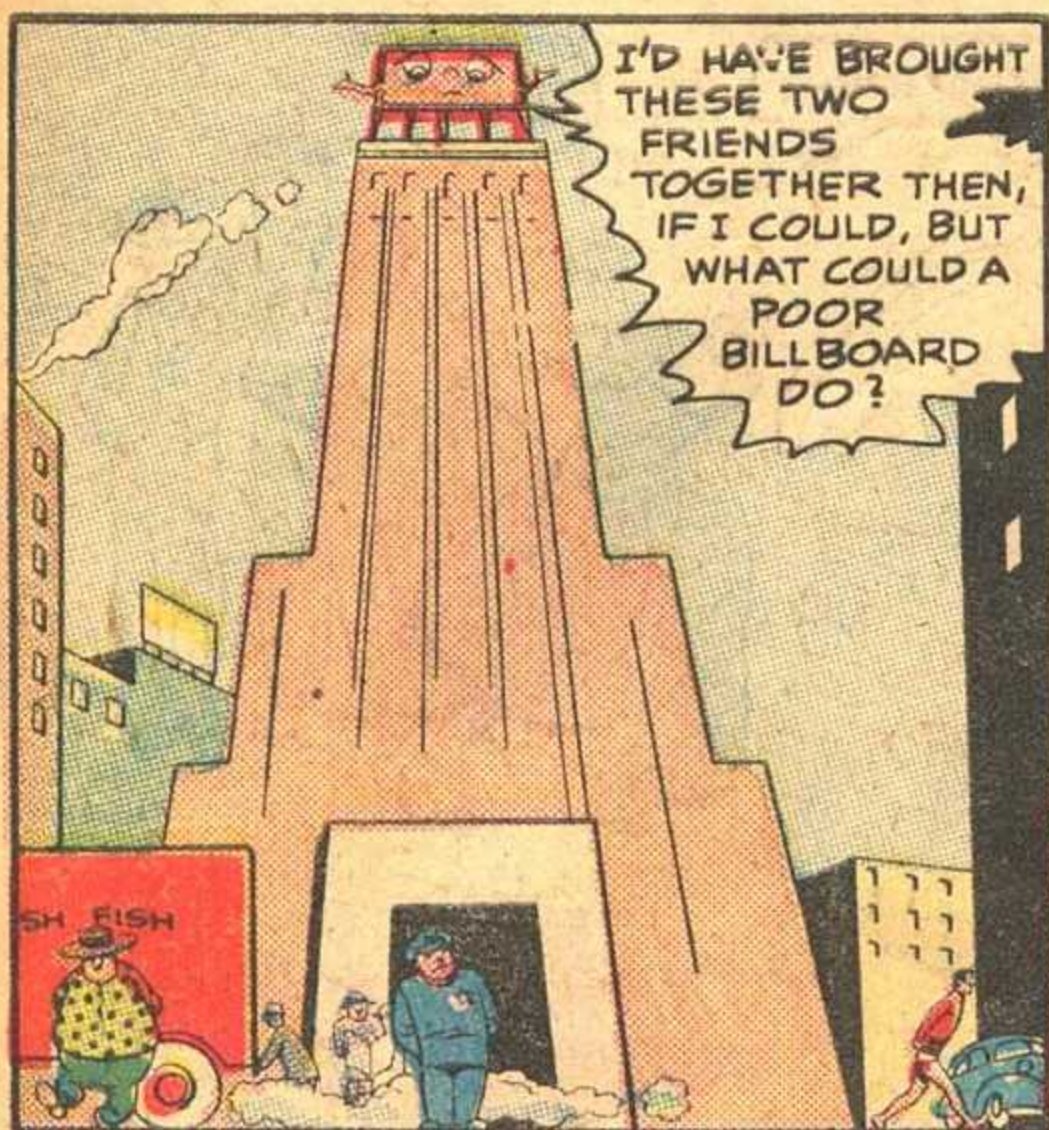
PLASTIC MAN

"PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT ALL THAT HAS TO DO WITH A LONELY BILLBOARD"

"...MORE THAN YOU DREAM, MY FRIENDS...MORE THAN YOU DREAM!"



PLASTIC MAN



I'D HAVE BROUGHT THESE TWO FRIENDS TOGETHER THEN, IF I COULD, BUT WHAT COULD A POOR BILLBOARD DO?



STILL, I WASN'T EXACTLY IGNORED! AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

"...TWO MEN WERE FIGHTING OVER LITTLE ME! WOO-WOO!"

AS PRESIDENT OF THE HAVA-COLA COMPANY, I DEMAND THAT YOU RENT ME THE BILLBOARD! IGNORE THIS WINDBAG!

BAH! AS PRESIDENT OF THE COOLA-COLA COMPANY, I'M ENTITLED TO IT! KICK THIS LAME-BRAIN OUT, GRIGGS, AND...



LAMEBRAIN, AM I?

YEH!

WINDBAG, HAH?

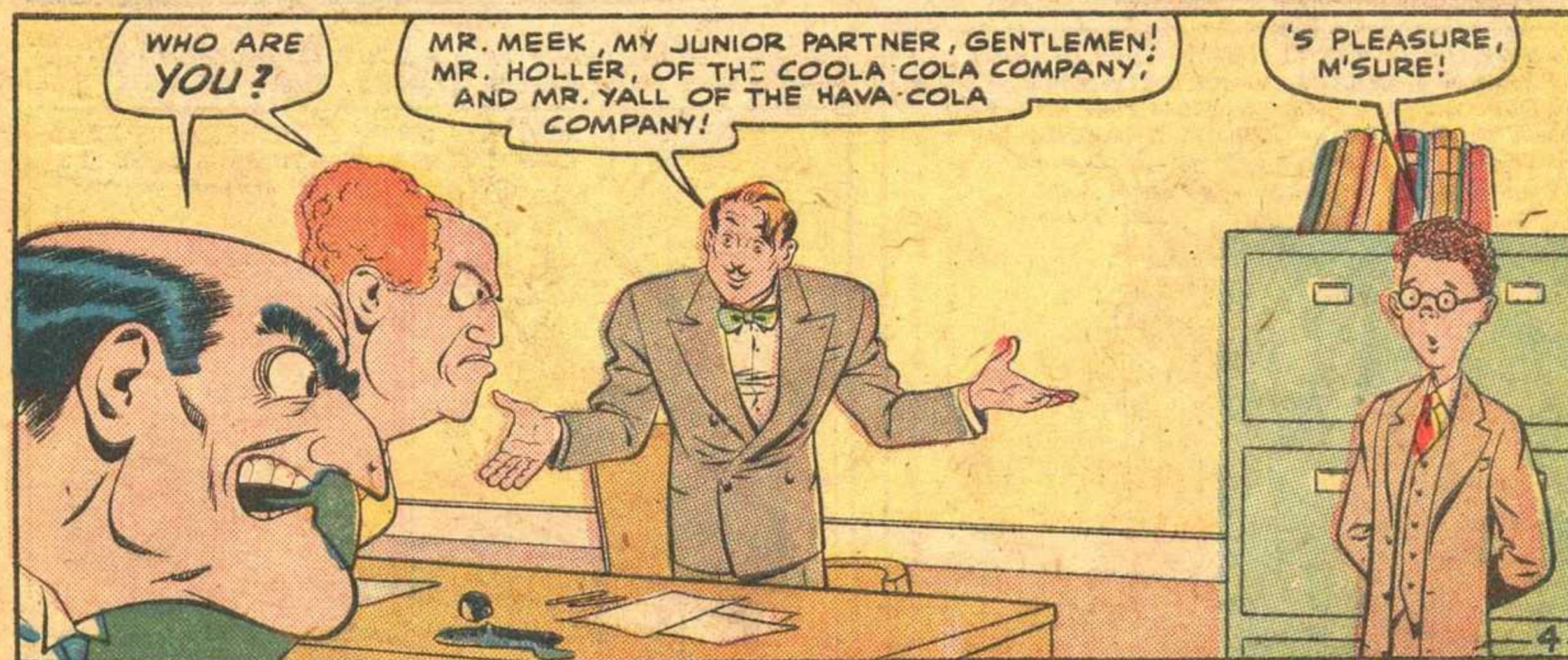
YEH!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!



KEEP OUT OF THIS, GRIGGS! YOU ONLY OWN THE BILLBOARD!

EXCUSE ME!



WHO ARE YOU?

MR. MEEK, MY JUNIOR PARTNER, GENTLEMEN! MR. HOLLER, OF THE COOLA-COLA COMPANY, AND MR. YALL OF THE HAVA-COLA COMPANY!

'S PLEASURE, M'SURE!

PLASTIC MAN

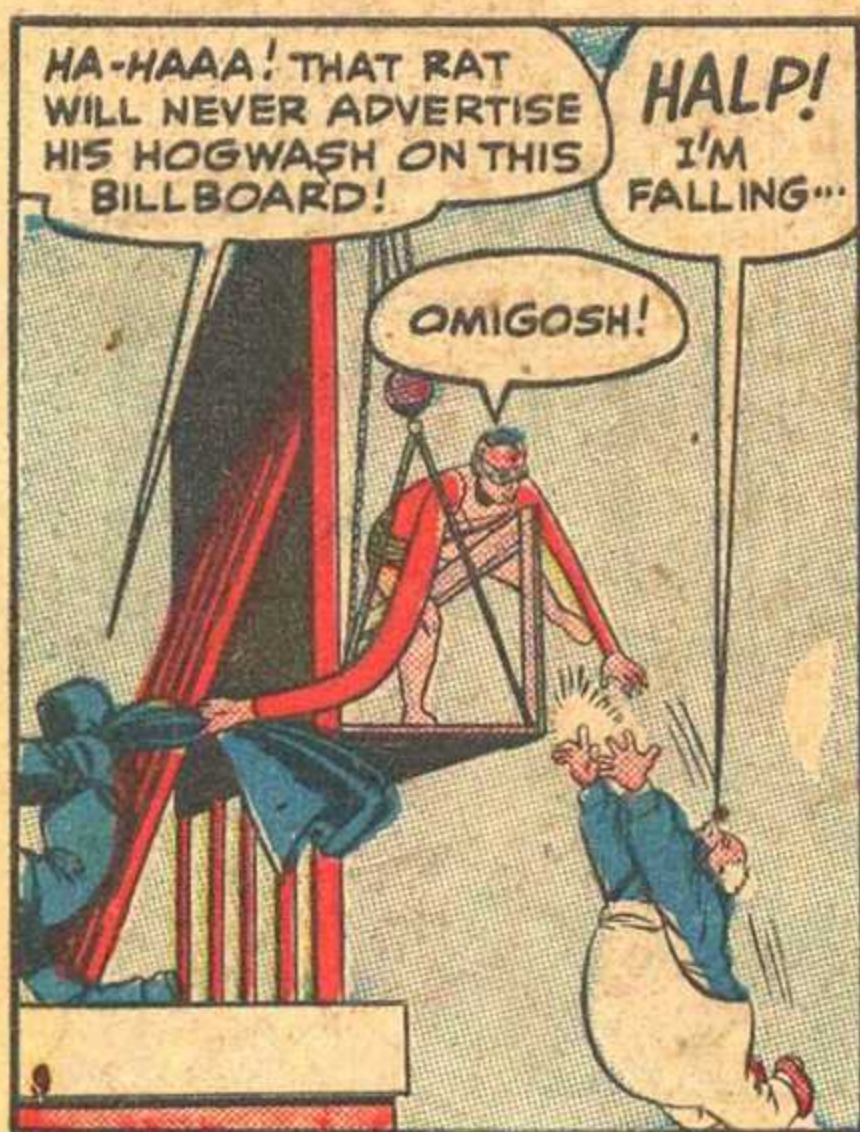
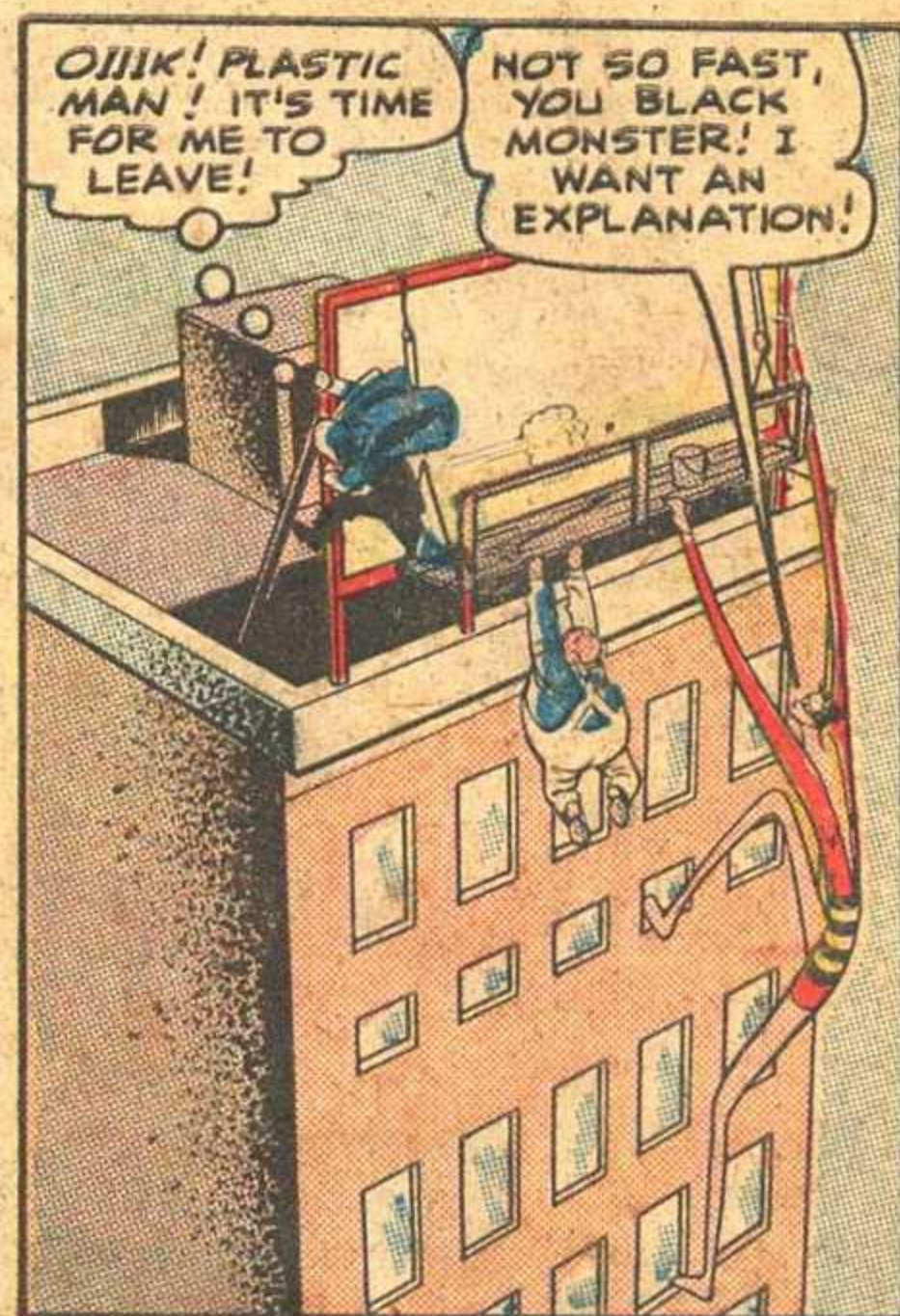


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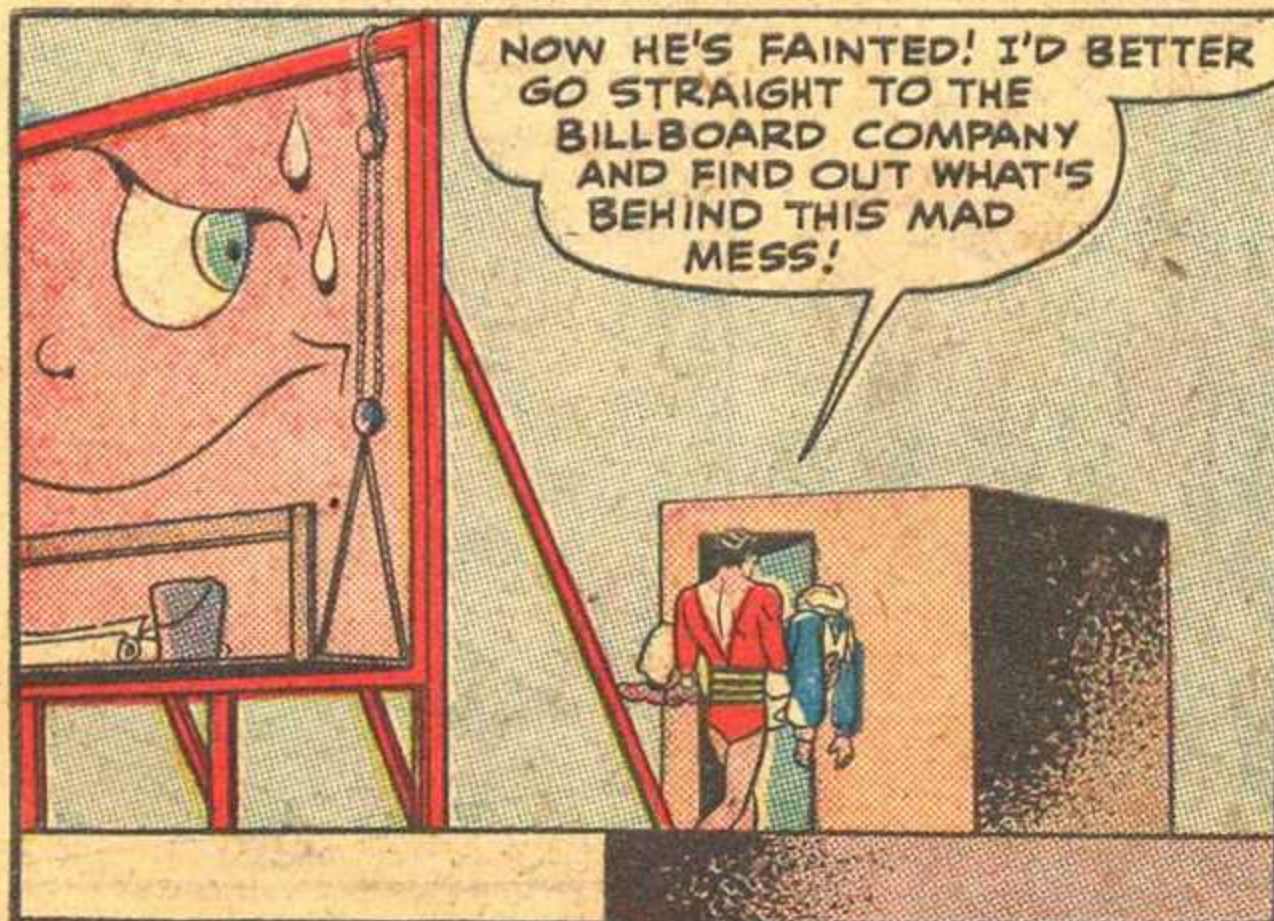
"THERE I WAS, A HELPLESS, HORRIFIED BILLBOARD... WHILE GRIM TRAGEDY STRUCK!"



PLASTIC MAN



"YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW I FELT! I WAS WEAK WITH RELIEF!"

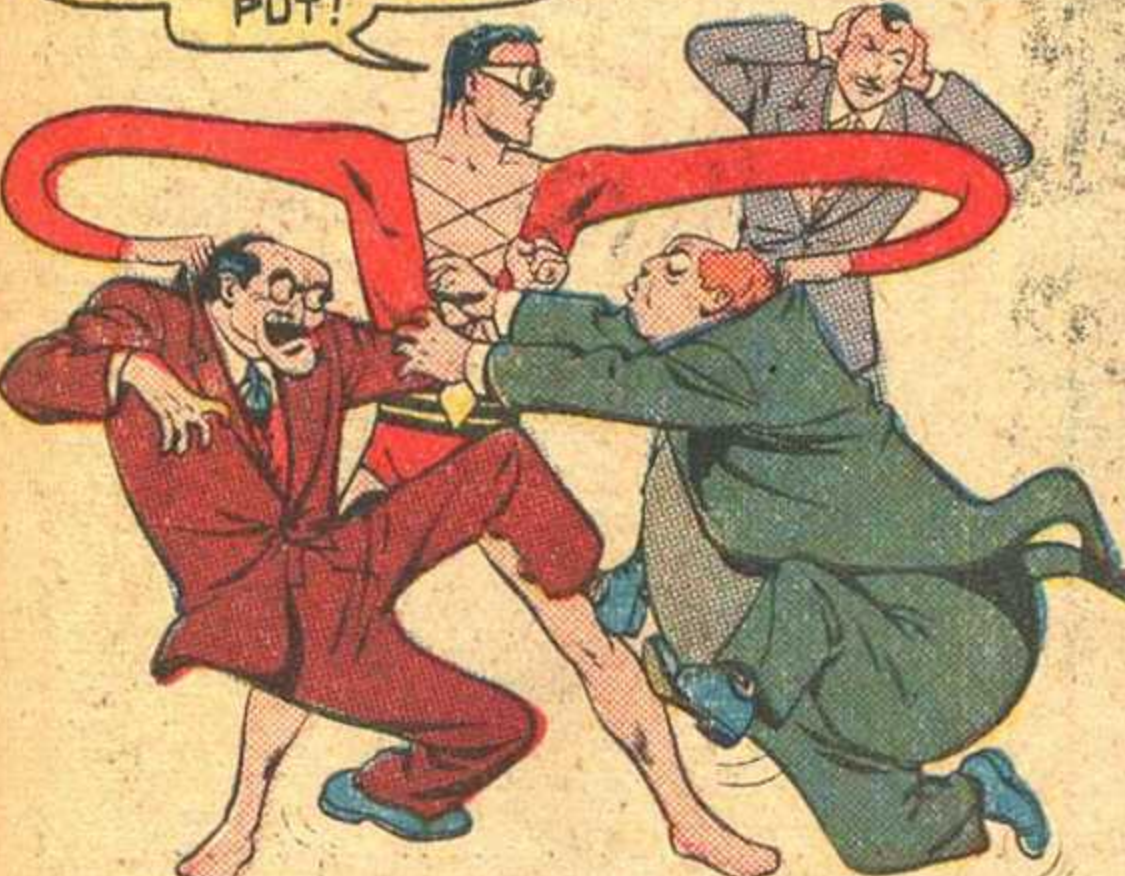


PLASTIC MAN

THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE, CHIEF! I MOVE WE SEND THESE TWO HOME WITH A WARNING TO STAY PUT!

ANYTHING TO GET THIS YA-TA-TA-TA OUT OF MY EARS!

AND DON'T LET ME HEAR OF YOUR TRYING TO LEAVE TOWN, EITHER OF YOU, UNTIL THIS IS STRAIGHTENED OUT!



WHE-EW! IS THAT EVER A RELIEF!

GRIGGS, I CAN HARDLY SEE WHY YOU'D SABOTAGE YOUR OWN BUSINESS, SO I'M LETTING YOU AND MEEK GO! BUT STAY HANDY!

Y-YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!

FOR ALL THEIR BLUSTER, CHIEF, I CAN'T QUITE SEE HOLLER AND YALL AS MURDERERS! THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS SOMEWHERE!

I AGREE, PLASTIC MAN! NOR CAN I FIGURE ANY MOTIVE FOR GRIGGS AND HIS PARTNER TO RUIN THEMSELVES THAT WAY!

YET YOU SAY THAT HOODED FIEND SPOKE OF... **PLASTIC MAN, WHAT ARE YOU REACHING FOR OUT THERE?**

SIGH! NOTHING, CHIEF!



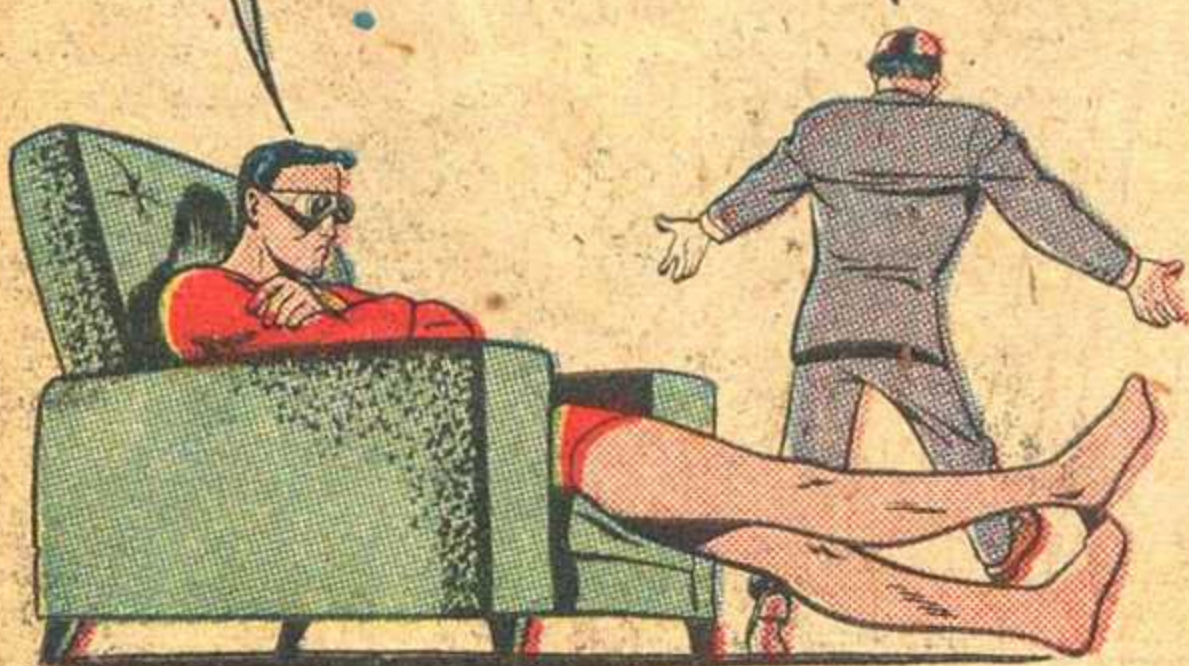
I JUST THOUGHT WOOLLY MIGHT HAVE RELENTED AND COME BACK TO LISTEN AT THE KEYHOLE AS HE USED TO!

I GIVE UP!

Meanwhile...

SINCE OUR TWO POSTERS QUIT, I'VE GOT TO GET OTHERS TO FINISH THE JOB!

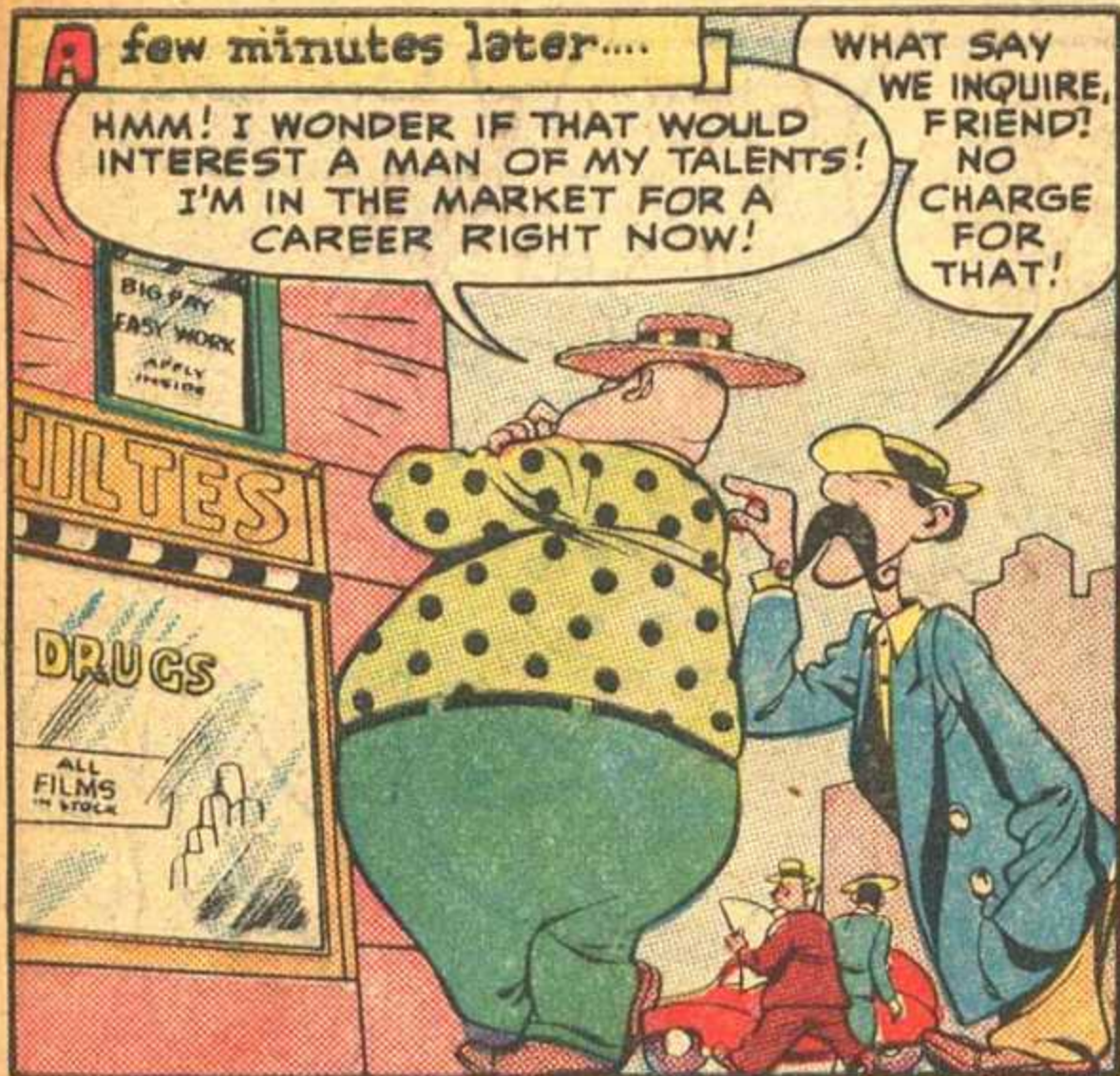
HELLO, BILL-POSTER'S ASSOCIATION? I WANT TO HIRE TWO POSTERS TO FINISH A BILL-BOARD... A RUSH JOB!



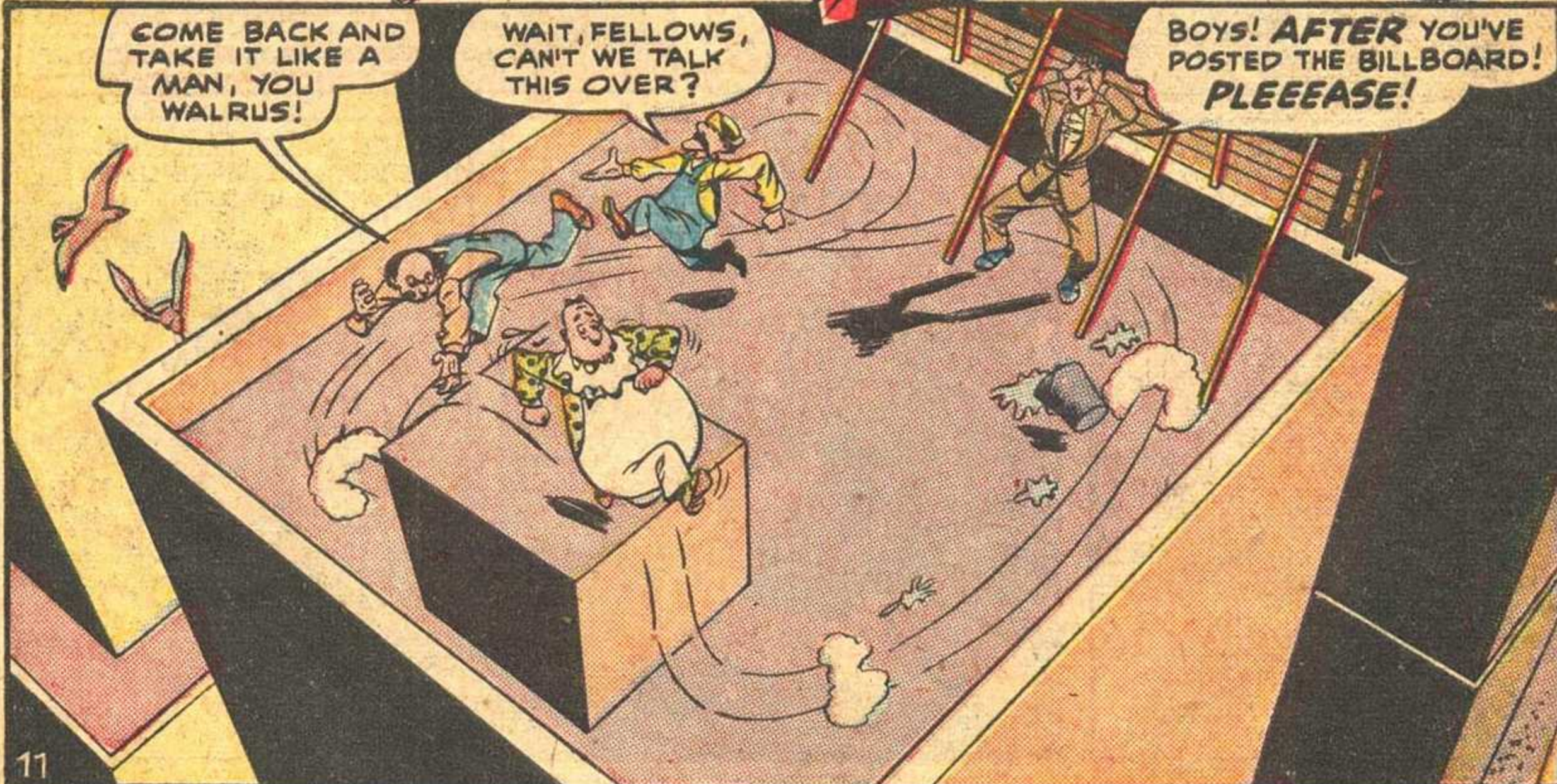
PLASTIC MAN



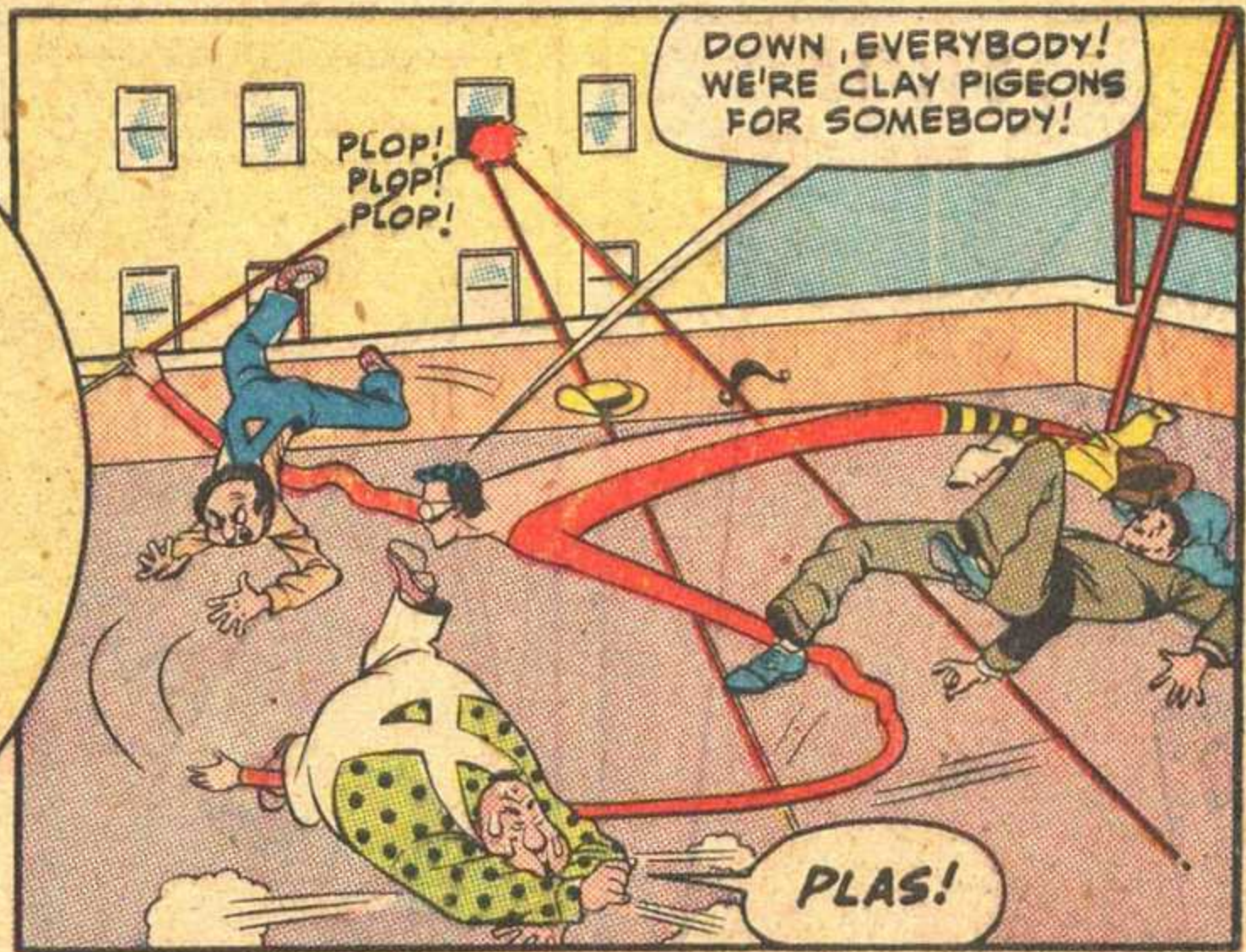
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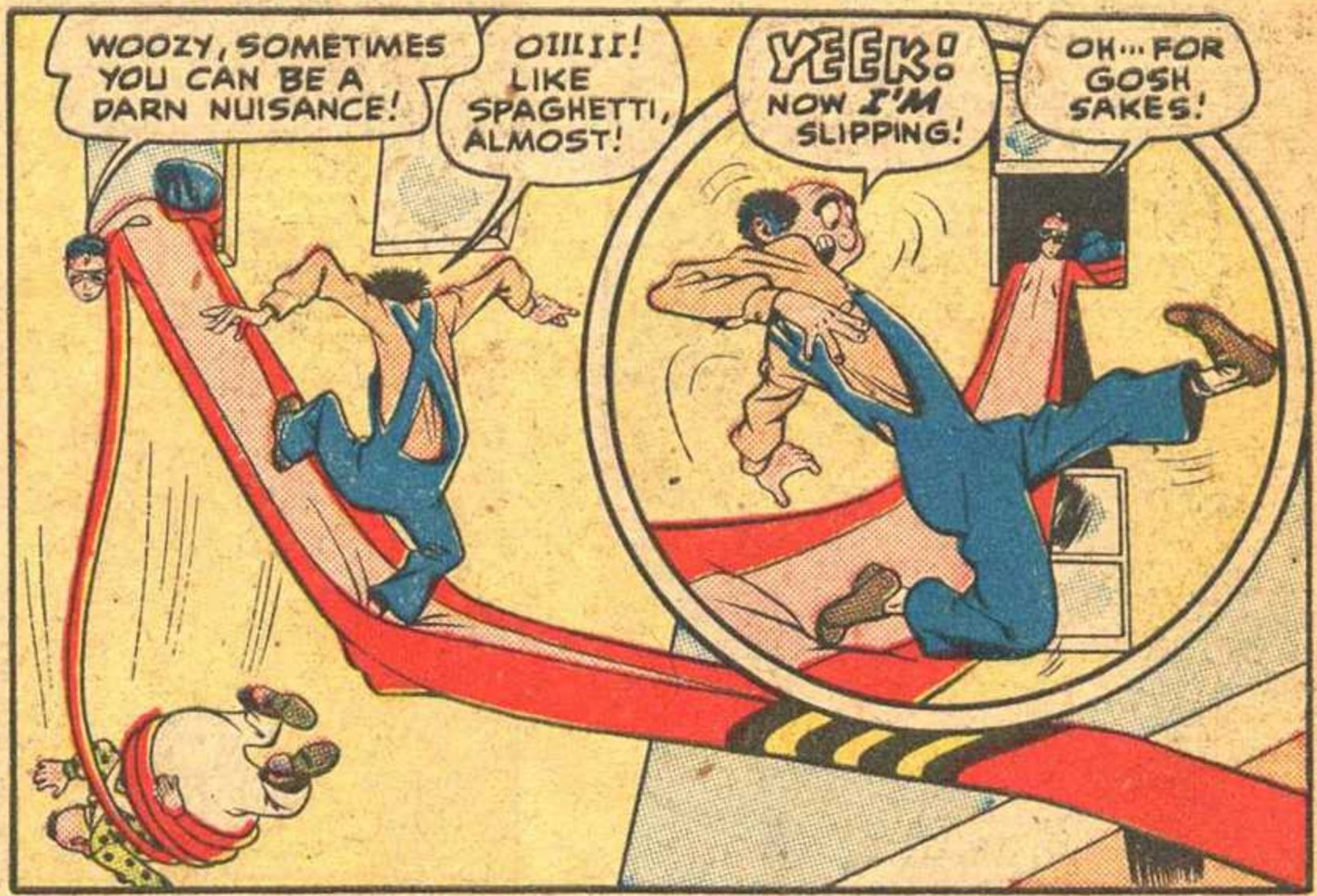
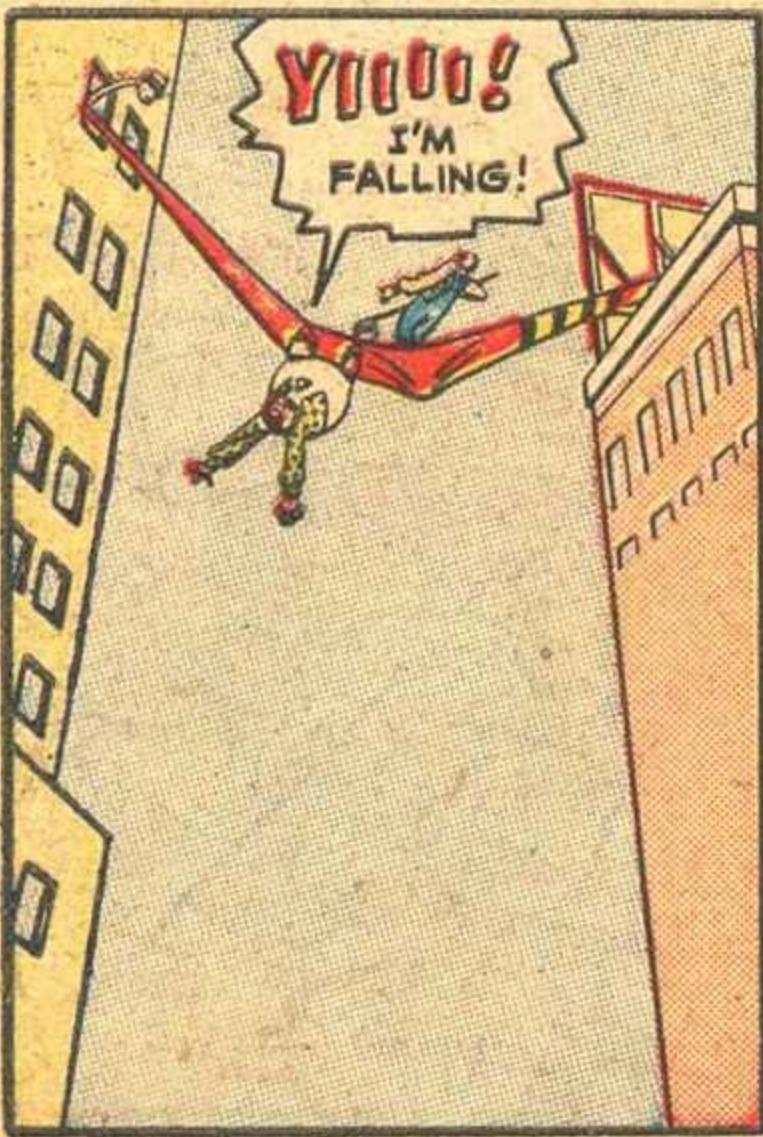
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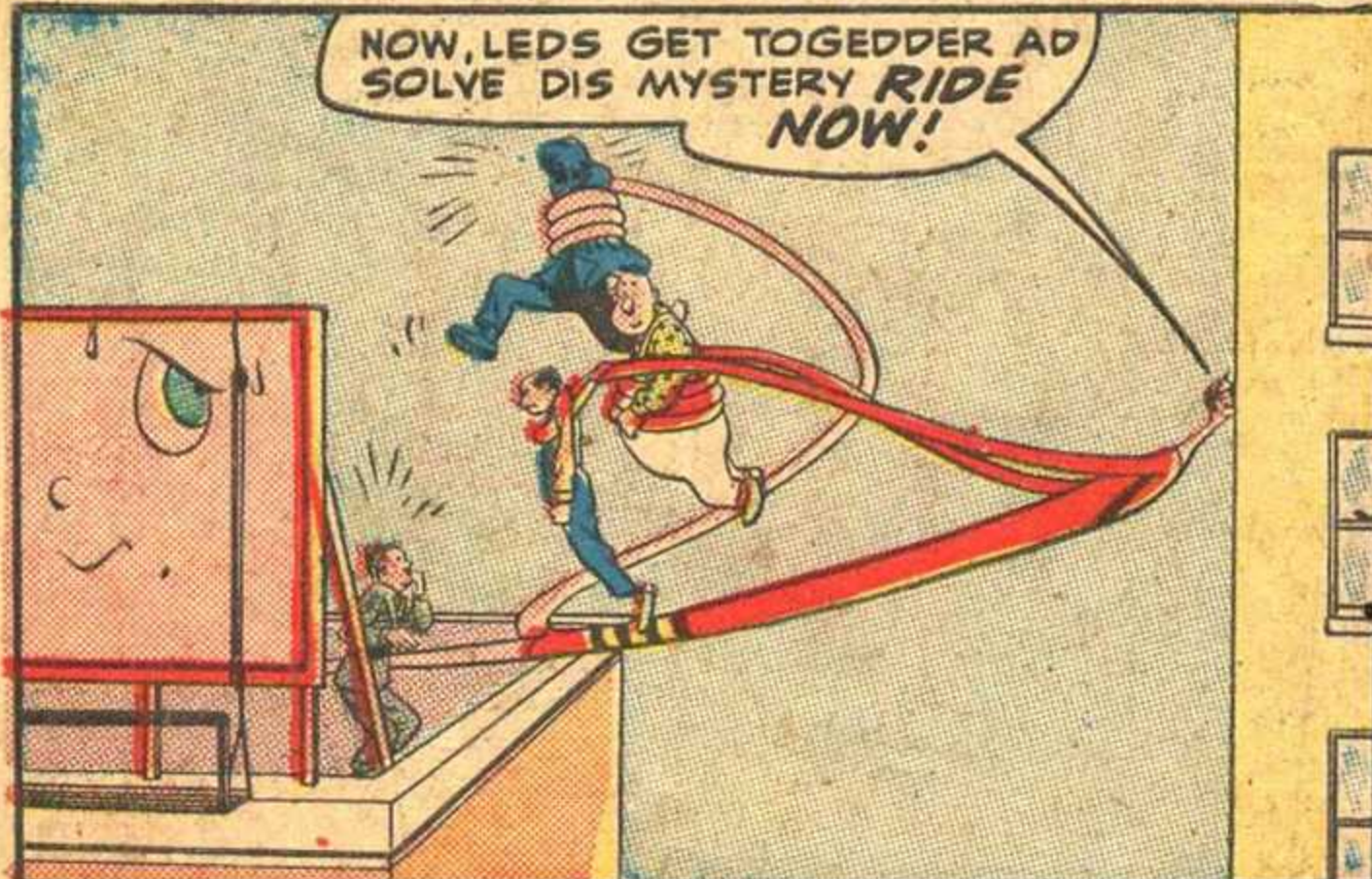
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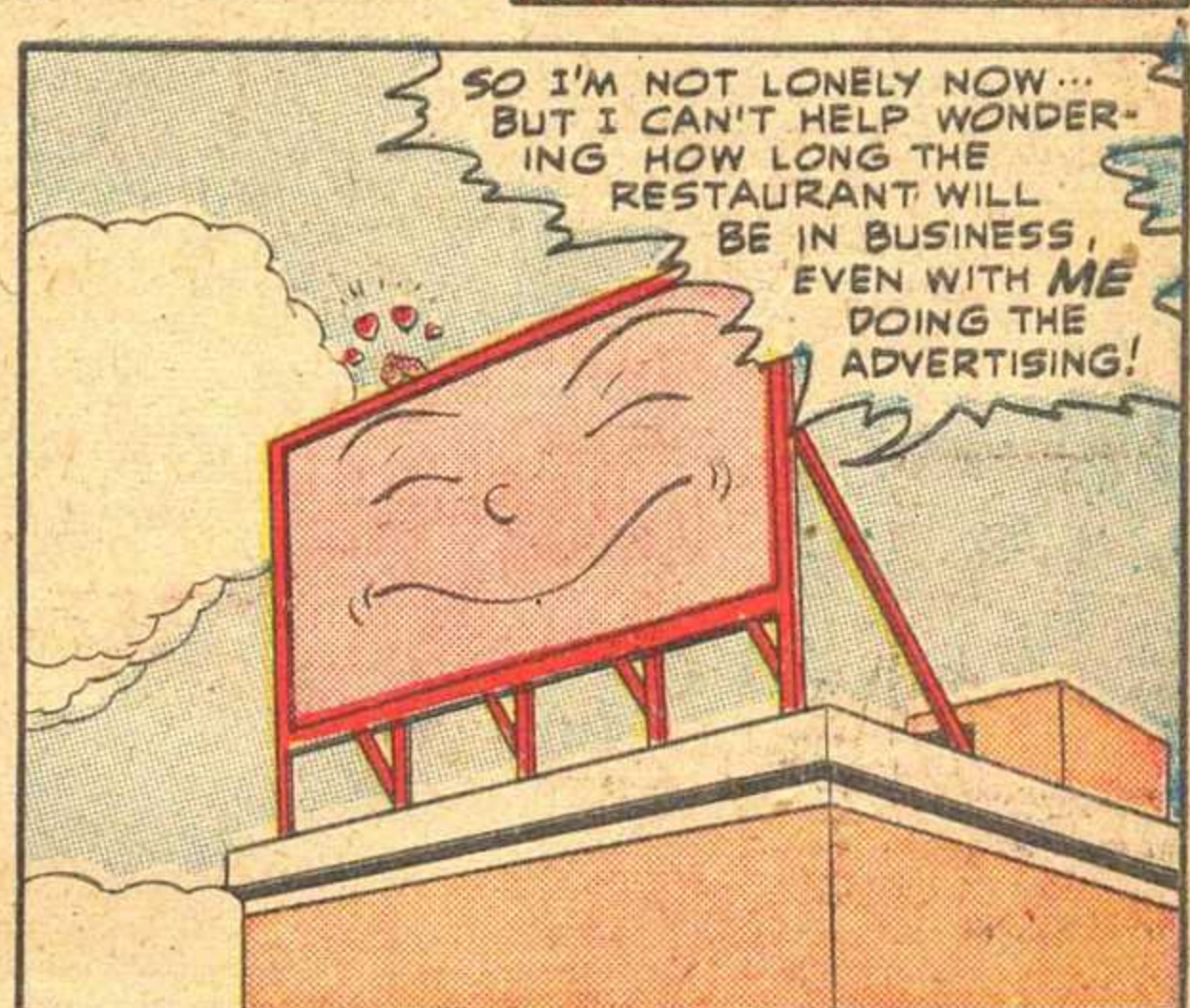
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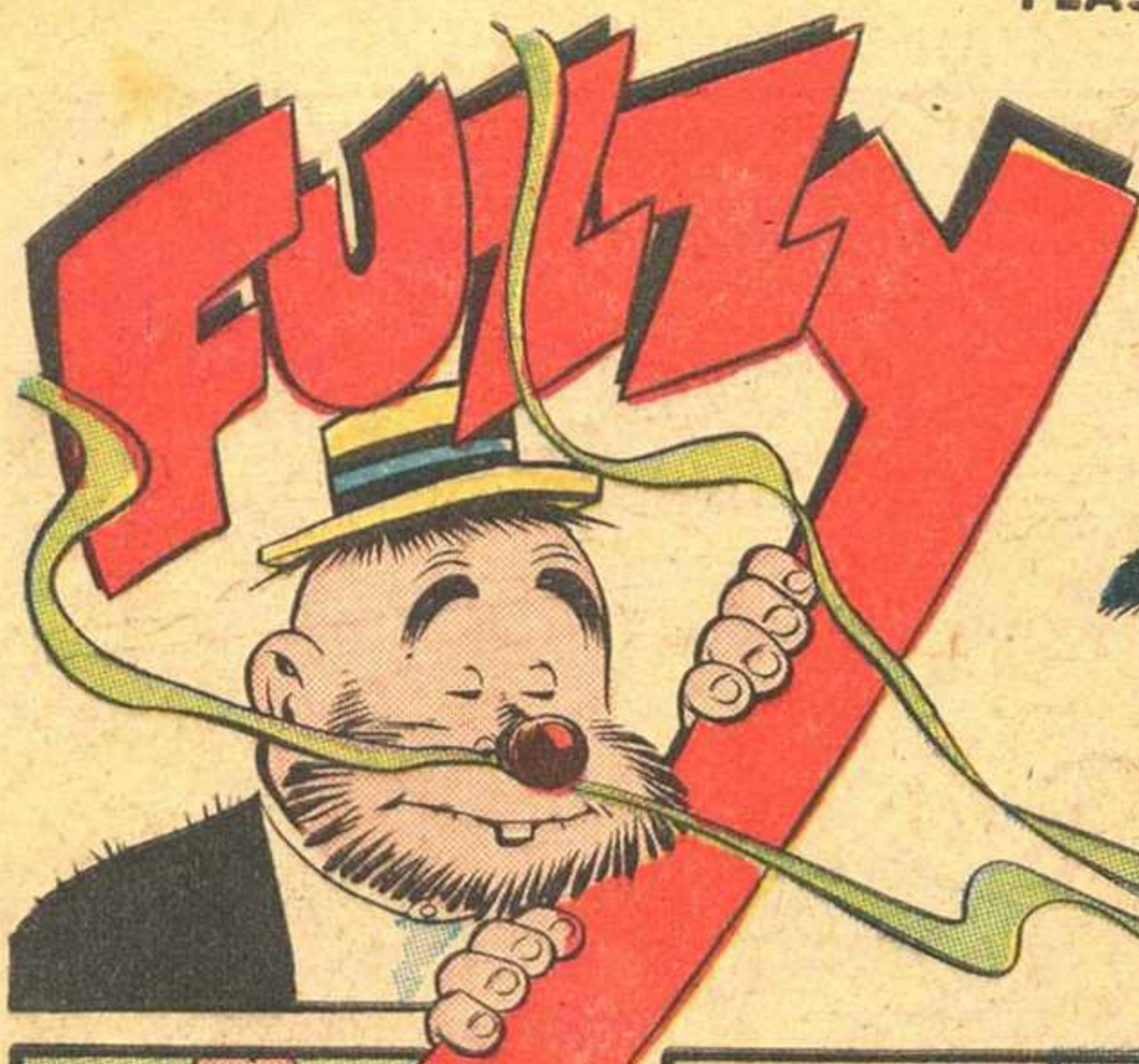


I THOUGHT I'D DIE, UNTIL I SAW PLASTIC MAN HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL! WHAT A MAN!"



PLASTIC MAN

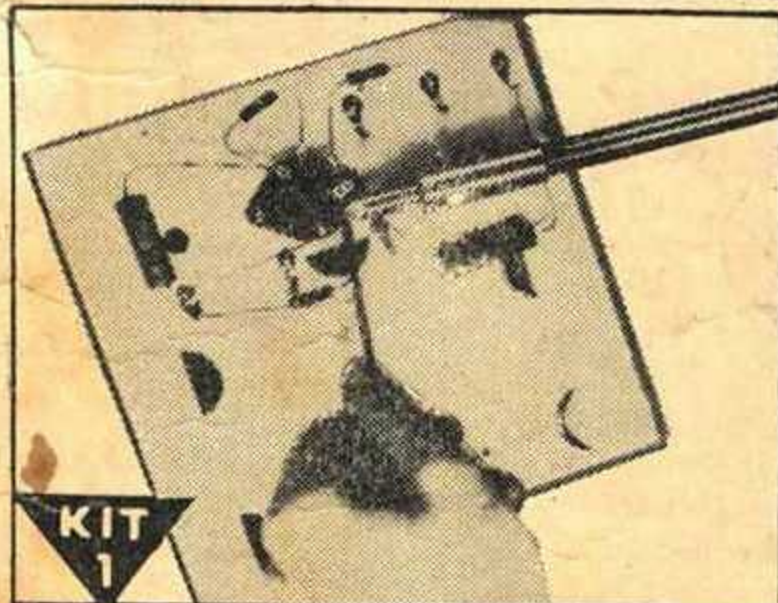






I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

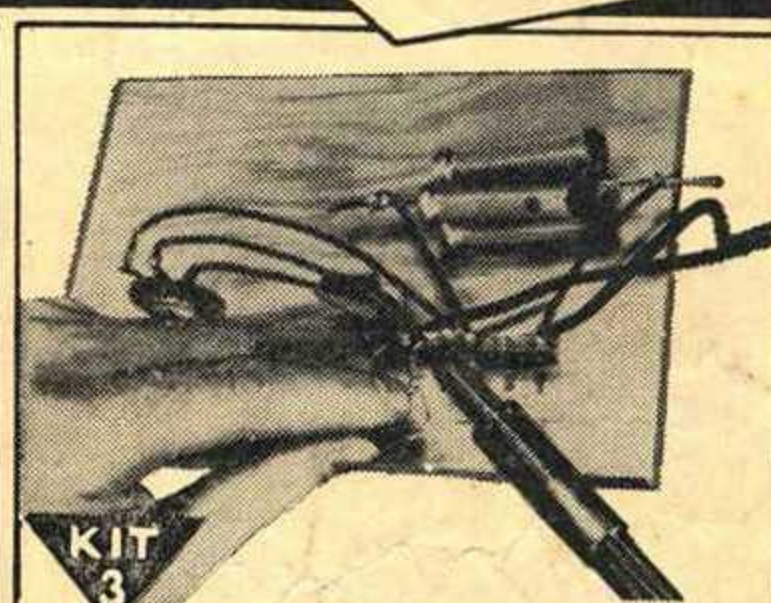
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



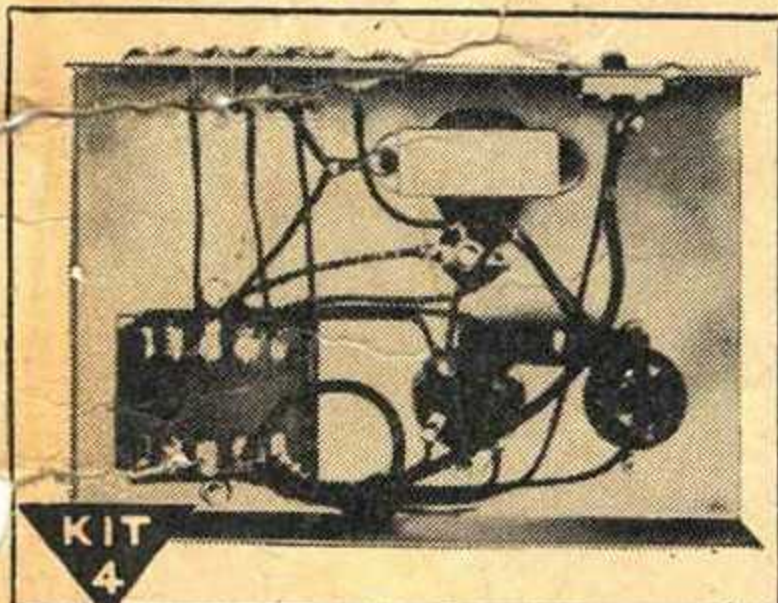
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



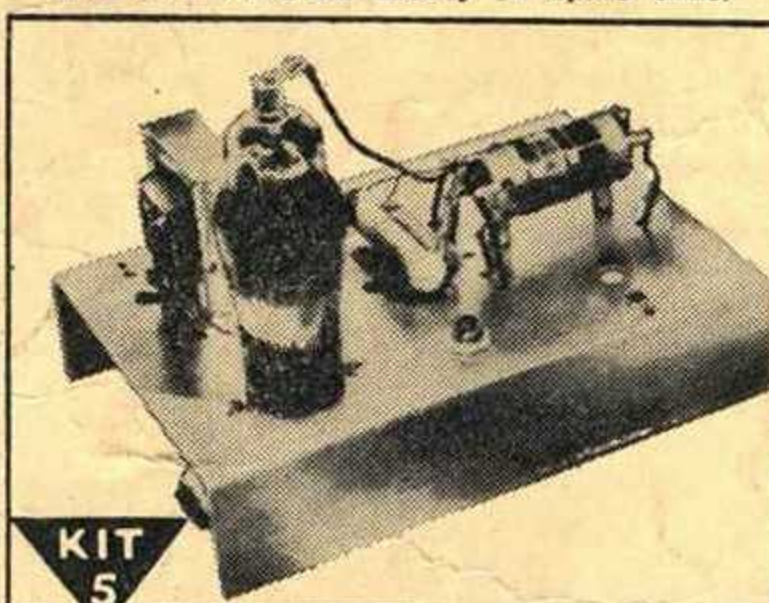
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



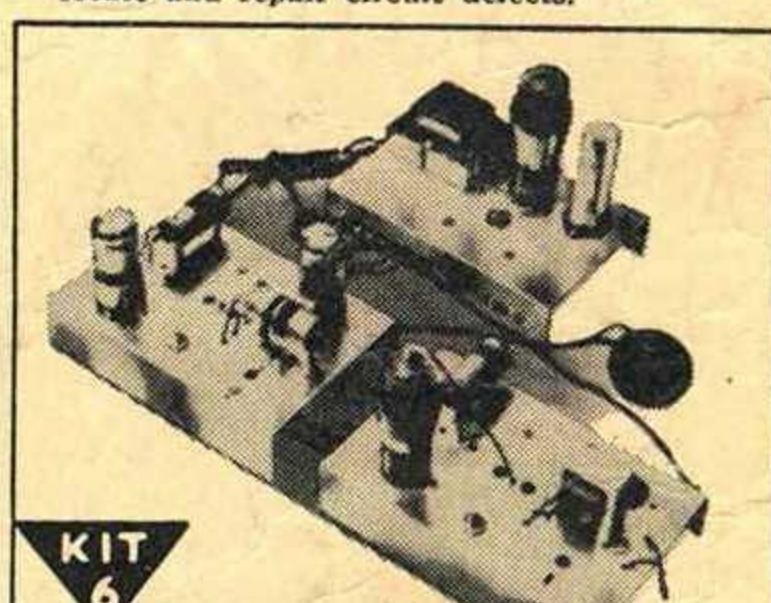
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

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Do you want a good-pay job in the fast growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

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still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

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FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of American seeds

PEN & PENCIL SET

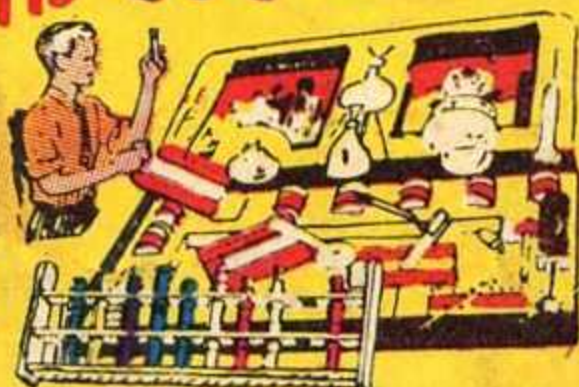


A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

STURDY AXE,

with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



SWEETHEART DOLL

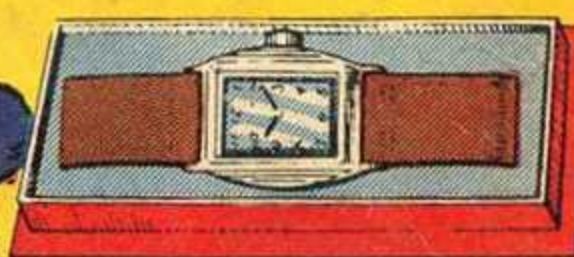
"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds



Swivel Head Flashlight

"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds

WRIST WATCH



A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.

Sing it with Music!

Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

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Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and

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A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE, with Leather Sheath.

Has serrated edge, bottle opener.

Sell one order

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT

Republic Pictures Star



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with kicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.



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